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CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

MARCH, 1937

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

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CORONET

for

MARCH

1937

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PUBLISHER

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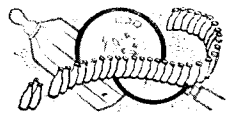
IS MILK CANCER'S ALLY?

A LEADING QUESTION DELIBERATELY SPOKEN TO PROVOKE INVESTIGATION



MY FIRST suspicions of milk were provoked in the secret library of the old hay mow where I learned that cowboys never drank milk.

Not only was milk totally absent from the diet of those heroic hombres, but any one of them would have been dangerously outraged if you had asked him to pail one of the cows. In fact, it might have cost you your life.

Thus conditioned in my young and wooden pistol reflexes, I was partly braced for the discovery of those ominous black spots on old Brindle which came to light during later researches.

The biggest one of these spots looks like cancer.

The appalling death curve of this arch foe of mankind over, say, the past fifty years, seems to slap us in the face with this fact:

The more milk, the more cancer. The less milk, the less cancer. No milk, no cancer.

Allowing elbow room for exceptions.

This indictment of the "perfect food" of the civilized world is no sudden inspiration of science. I do know men who can sit on a scientific tack and hit the ceiling with terrific conclusion—like Abrams and his shaking machine—but most of them come down with a headache.

The history of health is the biography of superstition. About all we have done, up to this glorious era of irradiated sawdust, is to prove the wisdom of last year was all wet.

It was about ten years ago, I believe, that I began to smell a mouse in the milk bottle. A woman in England had been doing good work on the geography and ethnology of cancer. She reported the American Indian (of pioneer times) was the only member of the human race entirely free from cancer.

The American Indians, by and large, were a roving, hunting, meat-eating people. They chawnked roots and berries and a few fruits on the tree, but they never drank milk.

Not after the papooses got teeth.

This report should have caused a fizz in the medical pot; should have stimulated a rush for new theories. Apparently it had no effect.

Like the pea-pods of Mendel, packed with scientific cordite, it coiled

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up to sleep in the gathering dust, while medical-minded law makers decreed sterilization of convicts and wholesale inoculation of dogs.

For many years our dairy states were New England. (A dairy state, here, means per capita use of milk products considerably above the average run of the nation.) During that period New England led us in cancer. Gradually, due to migration and the alfalfa campaign and the growth of mighty inland cities for markets, the dairy dynasty moved down to the central states and west to the stamping ground of LaFollette.

So proud was Wisconsin of her dairy output, she passed a compulsory cheese law.

This law compelled restaurants to serve customers cheese whether customers liked it or not. Madison, meanwhile, with 286.8 to 100,000, has the most fearful cancer death rate in the world. (Some of these, of course, are patients from elsewhere.)

Among states with a very high per capita milk consumption are: Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas.

Their cancer parade, too, leads the nation.

The world over, where the consumption of dairy products is high, the cancer death rate is alarming. It has been the curse of the pastoral hill regions. Artificial refrigeration has changed the map, more or less, allowing milk products to be stored and consumed where formerly such foods were not common. Observe some interesting contrasts:

Death by cancer per 100,000 population: Ceylon—9; Scotland—149; Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana—98; Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri—145.

The South, especially the Negro South, the undoctored, unvitamined, unwashed cabinland of blacks and po' white trash is freest of all from the cancer curse and always has been—since the beginning of figures.

Warm climates and milk do not agree. Southern milk does not keep without ice. No ice, no milk, no cancer. An overstatement, of course. But in Southern cities, like Shreveport, among well-to-do folk who can afford refrigeration, the cancer rate goes up with a zoom.

For years Switzerland, a milk and cheese nation, was thought to hold the world pennant for cancer. Now Scotland—which one tourist glorified as an island of oatmeal in an ocean of milk—is beginning to beat the yodelers' record.

Mechnikov, describing the old birds in the Balkans, attributed their long and bearded years to the kind of sour milk they lived on. He forgot to mention, I think, that the Balkans are more plagued by malignant skin tumors than any other area in the world.

It's a poor theory, they say, that won't work at both ends. What people do not drink milk?

The natives of Ceylon, for example.

The national cow of Ceylon gives coconut milk and requires neither food nor inspection, and Ceylon natives disport among their tame pigs

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and wild sharks with the lowest known ratio of cancer on earth.

Congo pygmies and savages of the Amazon wild are thought to have the best record of all, but they are too ticklish to allow much reporting.

I attended a great medical convention. Its president held forth. He propounded that primitive people do not live long enough to sport cancer, a disease of the fat forties and later.

A nice alibi, but the bottom drops out when we examine such states as Japan. The best report I can get indicates English women have breast cancer about eighteen times as frequently as Japanese women. The longevity theory seldom stands up.

Also it is false that civilized men live longer than their primitive brothers. More primitives die before middle life, because they must go out and buck nature; but those who pull through hang on like oak leaves because they have first-class hearts.

Read Nordhoff and Hall to get an idea:

"Half a dozen men rushed into the surf—among them, the chief, a man of huge frame, clad only in a *pareu*, but he lost none of his dignity through his nakedness. He was fifty-five years old, and as he stood bidding us welcome I thought of the strange appearance certain chief men of America or France or England would make, deprived of the kindly concealment of clothing. What a revelation it would be of skinniness or pudginess! Of scrawny necks, fat stomachs, flat chests, flabby arms! . . . In Polynesia on every hand are men well past middle life with compact, symmetrical bodies and the natural grace of healthy children."

Ever since I was old enough to hear frogs croak or geese cackle, I have heard triumphant statisticians broadcasting our increase in longevity.

This is bosh, tricky statistical bosh, manufactured by coddling figures. A man over forty has less chance to live ripely than his pioneer grandsire had.

The average span, or average expectation of life has increased; thanks to Pasteur whom the wise men all hooted. As Oliver Wendell Holmes pointed out, the doctors were killing the babies.

Now we don't kill so many, that's all.

Also, typhoid and smallpox and other contagious diseases seldom sweep the land in these days. You may thank the plumber for that, perhaps.

Cancer, heart-failure and cigarette-leg are worse than ever before. These are due to the mode of life of the people, aren't they?

Through thousands of years of witchcraft, hocus-pocus and horrible medicinal rites, only one fact was known about cancer: It was a one-way ticket to Limbo and a most unpleasant trip. Now we have a few facts. For example:

(1) The presence of malignancy is associated with a swing towards the alkaline. More potassium can be found in the blood.

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(2) Persons exposed to coal-tar irritants are especially subject to cancer.

(3) The guilty factor in coal-tar irritants closely resembles the female hormone. This is a whale of a discovery and must lead some day to the end of the cancer riddle.

(4) Cancer is aided, abetted, stimulated and protected by the pressure of cholesterol.

(5) The chief source of cholesterol is milk.

(6) Growing cancer is characterized by abnormal quantities of lactic acid.

(7) Lactic acid is milk acid. Check?

(8) The milk glands, or "breasts," of women are more susceptible to the advance of cancer than any other parts of the body.

(9) One scientist claims proof that male bodies secrete both male and female hormones. This checks with the coal-tar discoveries. It checks, too, with the theory that a hormone starts cancer and milk fosters its fatal growth.

Cancer thus is considered as a female mistake; a mistake not easy for men to commit unless they do possess the female hormone.

A study of eunuchs might let in new light.

Milk, then, masquerading as the perfect food, walks hand in glove with the arch enemy, cancer. Their relationship may be purely Platonic. Milk may be as guiltless as the nice prairie-dog who sleeps with the venomous rattler.

While the jury is pondering the cancer charge, the court will hear the character witnesses for milk. These witnesses make a splendid array:

Physicians, any number you want.

Nutritionists, with test tubes in their hands.

Dietitians, the omniscient type.

School clinics, where they feed hungry kids.

Dentists, who believe what they see in the papers.

Propagandists who furnish what makes the mare go and put over the slogan of "Perfect food" and "Two quarts a day for each child."

These witnesses are good respectable folk who repeat what the smart teacher told them. Two quarts a day of this wonderful food is hardly enough for each child.

Already we have rumors of three!

But oh boy! You suffering kids with the cramps—listen in while we cross-examine the witnesses:

First the doctors. We take them one at a time. Do they KNOW anything about milk? Not one of one thousand, in his personal right, has done any extended research.

It's a rare dog, say the hunters, who can run while he digs. The physician must look to his practice.

Wait! Here's a doctor who has checked up on milk. A man in a most favorable position. He is Dr. Frank V. Bogert, Schenectady child specialist, who deplores the practice of coaxing the reluctant child to consume large amounts of milk. Such children, he says, are generally pale, flabby, peevish, tired, lacking in resistance

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and plagued with poor digestion, even though they may be up to the foolish arbitrary standards of weight and height.

Well, that's one, but what is one lonely howl in a wilderness of propaganda? Hold on, here's another, a fine-looking man from the center of Codfish Culture. Dr. J. P. Sutherland, former Dean of the Boston University School of Medicine, making a detailed attack on milk in the diet of older children, called attention to the adenoid and tonsillar troubles, the imperfect dentition, the appalling increase in the number of weak-minded children, the increase in the number of cases of dementia praecox, the wide prevalence of deficiencies in the nervous system, among the civilized communities where this so-called perfect food is given so confidently to the growing child.

Now come some British physicians. Not publicity quacks who would endorse anything from alpha to zed, for a price—these are ethical men with unsmudged proboscises. Their researches were reported by Fishbein and others, including the far-printed Brisbane.

Milk, they say, in certain combinations, especially if taken with meat, becomes positively injurious, toxic. They say this after long and difficult months of playing Sherlock Holmes around milk.

So science and Moses agree upon milk, if not upon catfish and spareribs.

The busy doctor relies on the nutritionists' reports, and the nutritionist relies mainly on tables. These tables give milk a blue ribbon. Fat, sugar, protein, vitamins—everything an honest schoolboy should hone for.

Milk is low in iron and still lower in copper, but nobody talks much about that.

The tables, therefore, look rosy. Every boy who gulps milk should be big, strong and brave, like the G-man or the fullback in the picture. This settled, we'll try it out on the dog.

First we offer our dogs—choose half-grown pups—all the Grade-A milk they can lap up. We intend to study the effect for five months. Here, pups, hop to it. Swig your way into health. Whoa, there! What's up? Get that pointer pup out. He's taking the milk-cramps already.

The collie pup, too! He's begun throwing fits. Good grief, the whole kennel, except that fat pooch, seems to be in acute distress.

Now we've got to back up and start over. We select some half dozen of the likeliest dogs, the kayoodles which did not throw fits.

We reduce their regular rations two-thirds, substituting the same caloric measure of milk. We pour the milk on their biscuit, instead of feeding milk straight. This helps them to get by without cramps.

To check up, or "control" our experiment, we keep half our kennel off milk.

Now the five months are up. Look them over.

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Six yelping, frisky, bright-eyed hunting dogs; tails going like threshing machines.

Six dull-coated, sad-eyed, unromantic, leg-weary, who can't begin to keep up with their brothers. Every dog of them in some stage of anemia. These six are "perfect food" victims.

Recall what was said about copper?

The experiment stops right here. We think too much of our dogs. If you want to know any more about anemia and milk, try it on your own kids—or your neighbors'.

The dietitians even out-cow the nutritionists in their enthusiasm for milk. They have studied the Sippy treatment, but have not studied Cowboys and Redskins. They proceed on the ancient dogma that milk is a perfect balance of foods and, being liquid, is easily digested.

Everyone swallows this simple pill, because no one bothers to rub off the coating. Even a man groaning in the clutch of dyspepsia, after engulfing a tumbler of milk, imagines himself quite the exception.

It is a matter of record, from adequate tests, that three of the most difficult foods to digest are—

Onions; apples; milk.

Onions, though generally recognized as bad manners, long have been esteemed in the popular mind as almost magically healthful. And apples keep the doctor away. And milk—well, it's almost like insulting your mother to question this sacred pap.

Just why milk causes so much indigestion is a difficult riddle to crack. Probably because milk needs rennet, and the excitation of rennet has a morbid effect on the secretion of hydrochloric.

Nature never intended any mammal to use milk after the weaning hour. Every food "not intended" by nature should be eyed with open suspicion and put on a scientific parole.

If you don't believe the Doc and the dietetical expert, you can call up your dentist. Ask him. He will tell you milk's a fine food, full of lime, the very substance to build healthy teeth.

When you blandly ask why, since everybody drinks milk, we can't find a good mouth in a hundred, he cheerfully changes the subject.

Forty million—I have read—40,000,000 sets of false teeth now at large in the U. S. of A. Most of these luckless persons drank plenty of milk to insure sturdy tusks and grinders.

Recently, in Milwaukee, 110 brave young men applied for jobs in the Navy. Only 10 of the 110 were called fit.

Of the 100 who failed to pass physical tests 45% were snagged out by bad teeth.

Line up 100 grinning fish-eaters of the South Sea atolls, and give them the Navy test for good teeth. Not 2 of the 100 would flunk it.

Among our adults not a perfect set of natural teeth in a walk around the town square. Not one in 300, I warrant.

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In New Guinea, dark and savage, where the jungle natives never see milk, Dorsey picked up hundreds of adult human skulls, each with white, clean, strong, perfect teeth.

Maybe it's time to ask a heretical question, at the risk of being burned alive in propaganda. If milk makes for sound teeth, why do milk-lapping school kids and adults everywhere have bad teeth, while wild men and wild animals that never get milk after weaning universally enjoy good teeth?

If it were not for the dentist, half the gay boys of Broadway could be mistaken for Popeye, the Sailor.

Why does milk cause rotten teeth —if it does?

Nobody knows, apparently but; one thing is sure: You can't chew it. Your pup *earns* his Hollywood smile.

One alert and observing physician is convinced the toothbrush is a pest. Wanton scrubbing, loose bristles and punctured gums, he believes, cause many of the mouth ills of children.

I have no doubt this is true, but mouth ills don't persist without some sort of metabolic misbalance. It has been pretty well proved that the effect of sweet stuff is bad. The bad effect of milk on human teeth is—suggested.

Now it's time to go to school, to the "Clinic." Doctors and dentists repeat what they read about milk, but the bustling school nurses actually feed children.

Every school—at least, every big school—has plenty of underfed kids. Okay; we gather these urchins under our clinical wing to give them once or twice daily a big stein of milk and watch their loose buttons pop off.

New York City, direct from the dairies, supplies hungry school kids every day nearly 40,000 gallons of milk.

The hungry kids like it. They lap it up. They take on weight, they improve. More cheers from the milk fans and the radio voice. But one sharp little fact is left lying around for science to stub its toe on.

These kids are undernourished; most of them, perhaps, underfed. The addition of any good food to their rations should cause them to take on weight. A big hamburger and lettuce sandwich each day would work the same happy wonders. Many cities, in fact, serve sandwiches and soup, besides milk, but somehow milk grabs all the credit.

Underfed children, moreover, seldom drink enough water; and milk is water, about 86%. So promptly the child takes on weight.

With normal persons the setup is different. The normally thin person has an active thyroid and an active hydrochloric secretion. His pancreas action usually is stingy. He cannot drink enough milk to add to his weight, and if he tries, he is sure to get sick.

Generous dosage of milk, nine times out of ten, will make thin ones thinner and make fat ones fatter. Woe to the skinny one who tries to get plumper on milk.

I have been reporting normal reactions, just now; not underfed or abnormal.

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These same clinics and public school kitchens, which keep on pumping kids full of milk, seldom get their noses out of food charts long enough to sniff the absurdity of it.

School and home, for two decades, have been persuading this juice into willing and unwilling youngsters. And all the time bad eyes, bad teeth, constipation, allergy, appendicitis, coryza, sinusitis, and various other varmints from Pandora's box make merry with the youngsters' health.

It is debatable if, with all our resistance-building viands, the kids even are holding their own.

Once, at a notable track meet, I had a chat with an aged frontiersman. He had told me of the handsome physique and long life of the buffalo-hunting Sioux. Before the white men debauched them, of course.

I pointed to a group of bronzed college athletes and said to him:

"Were the Sioux better than those?" His answer was startling:

"Much better. Out there on the track you have all manner of odd shapes and forms. I see at least three pairs of glass eyes. And don't forget this," he added:

"Those men represent the physical pick of the whites; less than one per cent of our school population. Sioux warriors *nearly all* had splendid physiques. They would put the average white man to shame."

"And what did the old time Sioux live on?" I said—"I mean, besides buffalo meat?"

"Well," he reflected, "they were powerful fond of roast dog."

While not exactly proposing we go in for broiled pup like the Sioux, who were reputed free from cancer, I think it might do us good to take the cow off the shrine and put her back in the barn for awhile.

Until, say, we can pick the horsefeathers off and determine her true place in nature.

Milk is useful, essential; we can't well do without it. A new use bobs up every day. (Hollywood has made a skating rink of skimmed milk!) None the less, milk does flow from cows, not from heaven, and it is not everyman's proper food. To make it seem so, or invest it with magical medicinal properties, must eventually puff up the old cow until she bursts and disgraces the dairy industry.

Assuming, doubtfully, it is possible to disgrace a lady worth a couple of billion dollars.

—WALTER CLARE MARTIN

Mr. Martin's question, "What is Milk?", is not asked as a cynical tongue-in-cheek sophistry, like the "What is Truth?" of jesting Pilate. It is a sincere question, one that merits a sincere and definitive answer, if such an answer is forthcoming at the present time. It is such an answer that every parent will naturally demand, and deserve. CORONET *would rather print the answer than the question, but feels that the question cannot decently be ignored. Accordingly Mr. Martin's question is here presented in the spirit in which it is asked, not with the desire of making a destructive attack on milk but with the hope of making a constructive attack on cancer. Such a question, asked in good faith, should be so answered, for its far-reaching importance obviously transcends all considerations of private profit or professional prejudice.*

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the manner of their attiring and
painting their selves when
they goe to their generall
huntings or at theire
Solemne feasts.

Connoisseurs of Early Americana are challenged to find any earlier than these four water-colors done in Virginia and Florida about 1587 by John White, part of a series of seventy-five, formerly in Lord Charlemont's collection, acquired by The British Museum in 1866.

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John White was a member of the expedition sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585 to colonize the region which was to be named Virginia in honor of Elizabeth. In 1586 he left it (with Sir Francis Drake) for England, only to be sent out again in 1587 as its Governor.

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On the second of his five voyages to America, White's Roanoke colonists met such difficulties that he had to return to England for assistance, leaving his daughter, who had just (1587) become the mother of the first English child to be born in America, Virginia Dare.

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Before White could get back to his colony the Spanish Armada had attacked England; it was 1590 (the year these drawings were published) before he could return, by which time all trace of the Roanoke colony had vanished. Virginia was an uncolonized colony until 1607.

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CONVERSATION PIECE

THE CONSIDERATE MAN, LIKE THE LIAR, MUST HAVE A GOOD MEMORY

SAM BRANT peeled off his gloves and dropped them into his top hat. "Here you are," he said, smiling merrily at the maid, "here you are." Then, his bright little eyes snapping in anticipation (for at fifty he loved more than ever the sociability of parties), he twitched his white tie straight and marched his short-legged way across the hall to the drawing-room.

"Hello, hello," he said to the people near the door, and began edging his way past the milling groups that filled the room. He beamed, ducking his bald head to left and right as he went, partly because of his delight in cordiality, partly because, as a very important man who was also genuinely modest and genuinely an enemy to swank, he was always eager to omit no one from his greetings, to be even more friendly to the obscure than to the prominent. "How are you, how are you?" he said. "John . . . Adelaide . . . Hello, hello . . . Evening, Ned . . . Yes, yes it is, it certainly is . . . Evening, Mrs. Clay . . . How are you . . . How do you do . . ."

Somewhat out of breath, he reached Ann Clark and shook her plump, middle-aged hand affectionately. "Looks like a fine party, Ann," he said. "A fine party. And let me tell you, you're a sight for sore eyes."

"It's good to see you, Sam dear," she said. She screwed up her pleasant face. "It's too big, this party. You'll have to help make it go."

"Anything I can do, Ann?"

"Well, one thing: be nice to Miss Craven, she admires you so much. I've put her next to you, do you remember her?"

"Certainly," he said hastily, "certainly I do." He had actually no memory of Miss Craven but his dislike of possible snobbery did not allow him to admit it. Embarrassed, he elaborated, making up in a way to Miss Craven for his defection. "She's a fine person," he said, coughing, "a fine person. Great charm."

Ann patted his arm and turned to some one else, and he picked a glass of sherry neatly from a passing tray, beaming at the maid. He had barely tasted it when Mrs. Findlay came up and he thrust out his hand. "Fine to catch a glimpse of you, Mrs. Findlay. . . . How's Harry? . . . Good, good."

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She passed on and Tom Gilbert took her place, and after him came gentle old Mr. Brackett.

Mr. Brackett wandered off at last, and Sam finished the sherry. Just as he wiped his lips he caught sight of a large, dignified looking woman sitting in a stiff chair against the wall. It was Mrs. Ben Prentice. Nobody's paying any attention to her, he thought; nobody at all. He tucked his handkerchief in his back pocket and marched across to her.

"Evening, Mrs. Prentice, evening," he said, his bright little eyes twinkling. "May I sit here with you?"

The woman's large face spread into a pleased smile. "Indeed you may, Mr. Brant. How well you're looking!"

"Feeling fine, feeling fine," he said. He flipped out his coat tails and sat down. "It certainly is nice to see you again," he said, beaming. "Ben's here too, I suppose?" He was startled to see the smile grow uncertain, fade from her face. "What's the matter, Mrs. Prentice?" he said anxiously.

Mrs. Prentice spoke, with obvious difficulty. "Ben—Ben is dead," she said.

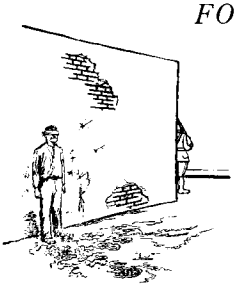
He felt a small, dull shock. "Lord!" he said. "I'm sorry, I'm terribly sorry. I hadn't heard." He blinked his little eyes rapidly, thinking with real sorrow of old Ben who had all his life been a failure at everything except kindness. "When did he die?"

"He died—he died some time ago."

"Lord," he said again. Shaking his head again he said: "I don't see how it was I didn't hear, I—why Ben was the salt of the earth. The very salt of the earth." The woman had turned her head and sat staring at the opposite wall, saying nothing, seeming to expect further words from him. He fumbled for more. "I'll miss Ben Prentice," he said, "we didn't see much of each other but he wasn't just an acquaintance, he was a friend. One of those I always counted on for—"

"Mr. Brant," the woman said in a level, toneless voice, "Mr. Brant." She did not look at him but stared expressionlessly at the opposite wall. "Ben died two years ago. Yours was the most beautiful, the most touching letter of condolence that came to me. Now go away." —JUDITH KELLY

FOOLISH WOMEN



Why are these foolish women weeping?
The government has had a little purge.
Their husbands have been shot
against a wall.
Stop weeping, foolish women!
It was done for Nordic Culture.

—OTTO S. MAYER

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THE BARON OF AR

THE BARONY WAS BUILT ON BL
BUT ALL THE REVENUE WAS RE

Privileged
forger

JIM REAVIS set out deliberately to bluff his way into wealth and power, but even he could not have guessed how far he might go; he became the greatest swindler in all of American history. His amazing story now is almost unknown, yet men still living can remember when the world bowed to this once impecunious rascal who dreamed of personal grandeur, and who had the nerve and genius to make his dream come true.

Reavis at first was just a seedy streetcar conductor in St. Joseph, Missouri, who never could quite catch up with his grocery bill.

But when he effected his metamorphosis he controlled twelve million rich acres, wore a braided costume of royal purple velvet, rode behind six milk-white horses and nodded graciously to lesser persons who removed their hats when he dashed by.

He collected $50,000 from the Southern Pacific Railroad for right-of-way across this land that he did not own. If anybody made so bold as to ask him, he admitted that he was now Don James Addison de Peralta-Reavis, Baron of the Southwest.

Don James informed the sometimes snoopy United States Government that he would tolerate no interference with his affairs, but preferred to govern his expansive barony more or less alone. For a long while Uncle Sam avoided him.

He spent many thousands of dollars each year on pomp and luxury, obtained money and approval from such distinguished men as Roscoe Conkling, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, Robert G. Ingersoll. In short, Jim Reavis set a "high" for land conspiracy which—even though every detail is a matter of court record—taxes the credulity of modern men.

By his own confession, Jim's imagination first showed full flower when he was crawling up and down dusty streets behind the streetcar mule. There he had time to dream, and the inclination. No character in all of literature was more alluring to him than the *conquistador*, the Spanish don who adventured in the colorful Southwest, symbol of all that was romantic and desirable. Even so, he might have done nothing about it, if he hadn't

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y been successful with petty
.y. As a Confederate soldier, Jim
orged an order and got by with it, then "doctored up" a furlough. He thought himself very smart indeed.

After his work in St. Joseph he sold real estate for a short time in St. Louis, then he "went west"—which was the thing to do in the 1880's. He lugged his imagination and his carpet bag all the way to San Francisco where, by sheerest chance, he obtained papers of an old faked "Peralta land grant" in the inland Southwest. The papers were rather convincing, and Jim devoted nearly five years to making them more so.

Gold and silver were being discovered and mined in the Southwest then. Tombstone, wildest of all the wild western silver camps, was in its heyday. Ranchers were laying the foundations for the present vast cattle industry. Bluff and blood both were flowing freely in the last campaigns against the Apache Indians. Forerunners of irrigation farming had arrived; gentle folk were discovering amazing fertility in the valleys of the Gila and the Salt.

In short, civilization was taking root, and nobody there had even heard of Jim Reavis.

Then, suddenly, a panic fell.

"Harken ye, all men," said a published manifesto. "That person or persons now situated on *La Baronia de Arizonac*, known also as the Peralta Grant, will be subject to immediate removal unless proper arrangements be made and set forth as a matter of record.

By Order of The Baron,

Don James Addison de Peralta-Reavis."

The Barony of Arizona—what did it mean? Ranchers, miners and farmers began to ask each other. Tales snowballed, and rumors flew at hurricane speed. But, strangely, there was little exaggeration possible. When the agents of the Baron were contacted, the worst was true!

"Don James is not disposed to be peremptory about it," his official representatives blandly explained. "It just happens that this is his land, by virtue of an old Spanish grant which the United States is obligated to recognize. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo provided for recognition. Don James has married a lineal descendant of the first Baron of Arizona, Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba, who acquired the land directly from the Spanish king."

But no, Don James would not be peremptory! Any respectable farmer, rancher, miner, trapper or other squatter on the Baron's lands might remain—for a consideration.

The consideration varied. If Don James or his agents were convinced that you could pay only $10, then for $10 you could stay.

If, as was more likely in this rich and growing new territory, you could pay nearer $1,000 or $10,000, then that was your feudal fee.

A small group of bull-headed set-

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tlers near the village of Phoenix resented this demand for money and declined to pay. Nothing happened, immediately. In a few weeks, though, a gaudy carriage with considerable entourage rolled into the sunshiny valley, and when coachmen opened the doors, out stepped the Baron in person.

"He looked just like the moving pictures of gallant caballeros that we see nowadays," one pioneer citizen recalls.

"He was light-skinned, but he looked Spanish. He had a queer scar on one side of his nose, a cone-shaped thing like a doodle bug hole. I heard tell that somebody had shot him there, a long time before. He was over six feet tall, and wore a gray sombrero with gold braid on it. He had on a purple jacket, and black pants with red lacings clean down the sides. And he had a red thing over his shoulder and two pistols in his belt. We figured he was a rich Spaniard, but we hadn't never seen nothing like him before."

He presented himself to such minor officials as then existed—and completely over-awed them with his mass of credentials. He had everything he needed, and more, to prove that he was indeed an in-law heir of the first Baron.

By no means the least striking exhibit was old Don Miguel Nemecio's great-granddaughter herself, the lovely Doña Sofia. With a certain imperious dignity she made it clear to the rustic Arizonans that her husband, Don James, would manage her affairs as stringently as he saw fit, and that squatters on her inherited barony would pay or be summarily thrown off. They paid.

The amazing claim became the dominant episode in this region for several months. Peralta-Reavis, in person and through agents, laid claim to all natural assets—land, water, mineral rights, lumber—in a "grant" that took in practically everything then of value in Arizona, and that even extended over into the present state of New Mexico.

It included all of the extremely rich Salt River Valley (now watered by Roosevelt and other gigantic storage dams). It included all of the equally rich but smaller Gila Valley; mining camps that have produced hundreds of millions of dollars in copper, lead, silver and gold; plus literally millions of grazing acres.

With the exception of Tucson, it included every town in Arizona which then amounted to more than a cross-roads store. The same boundaries, today, would take in nine-tenths of the state's riches, and nine-tenths of its population.

It seems likely that Jim Reavis succeeded as long as he did because of the sheer audacity of his claims. There was no precedent for such presumption, no evident crack through which frightened settlers could squeeze a doubt.

The official papers were quaint but

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powerful, curious but convincing. They showed the elaborate wording and the flourishes of court language. Even the tint and the faint aroma from them suggested magnificent old Spain. The total of them exceeded 80,000 words—more than the average novel of today—all ostensibly (and actually!) taken from the ancient books of record in Spain and Mexico, tracing shamelessly the exact ancestry of Doña Sofia, the Baron's wife, and describing in the minutest detail the gift of the lands from an Eighteenth Century monarch.

The recorded titles and emoluments of Don Miguel Nemecio (the first Baron) alone would fill a newspaper column. Little wonder that the humble squatters on the barony were impressed!

Within a few months after the original panic, virtually every resident in Arizona and New Mexico was convinced that Reavis' land grant was genuine, and was openly paying him and respecting his claims. In his grand manner he automatically became the leading citizen of the Southwest.

The Southern Pacific Railroad was pushing westward in those years, and Don James had no difficulty in collecting $50,000 for a right of way. A similar sum was paid by the Silver King Mining Company for mineral riches in a limited territory, and other miners paid their fee for the privilege of working on the Baron's soil.

Reavis was not harsh, but he was firm. He collected what was his "just due," and made the people like it. Everywhere people were correctly informed such famous lawyers as Robert G. Ingersoll had inspected Reavis' claims and found them valid.

But business affairs did not occupy this astounding self-made Baron for more than a third of each year. He was too thoroughly fascinated by his "Andalusian beauty" to neglect her, too much a lover of travel and of expensive play. Reavis himself leaves recorded poetic tribute to his bride's beauty:

"Her features rather inclined to the Jewish type," he wrote. "Her eyes were large, and of darkest hazel; a profusion of black and silken hair hung in a great mass below her waist. The delicate lines of her body, and her exquisite grace and fascination, told of noble ancestry. She was of splendid physique, elastic step, and a superb dancer. She was at home in the water or on a horse, and was an adept with rod, gun or lariat."

With his twins—of whom he was extremely proud—and his wife, Don James, the ex-streetcar conductor traveled wherever there was anything of interest in the Caucasian world. Washington knew them often, as did Seville and Madrid. The American Legation in Spain entertained them as worthy representatives of aristocracy in the still undeveloped Western America. Wherever they went, a retinue of servants accompanied them.

Traveling in Mexico, Reavis took

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his resplendent family in a private car. When the mood struck him he would turn philanthropist. At Guadalajara he gave $1,000 for a new cathedral altar cloth. At Monterey he erected a $1,500 drinking fountain in the public plaza, dedicating it ostentatiously to his wife's noble (if spurious) ancestor, the first Baron.

In Chihuahua, in St. Louis, in Washington, D. C., and in Madrid, he either leased or purchased homes of surpassing luxury, and in New York, London and Paris he maintained suites in leading hotels. His expenditure for travel alone exceeded $60,000 per year, he later admitted.

Don James' land was not the only Spanish grant in the Southwestern states, however, and litigation had been arising concerning some of the others. The result was that Congress created the Court of Private Land Claims, for the express purpose of determining the authenticity of any land ownerships.

This did not disturb the great Baron. Already he had exhibited several of the more essential documents establishing his legal ownership of the barony, so now he merely invited Uncle Sam to send to Spain and Mexico for the complete records. When they came, Don James invited government agents and any other interested persons to inspect the documents. Federal men again put their official okeh on them. The Baron's position seemed impregnable.

But these are precisely the moments when Fate—or something—likes to step in with a dramatic thrust.

Tom Weedin, an impecunious printer at Florence, Arizona, was the tool for this. Tom found a hobbyist's pleasure in poring over musty old papers, old documents of any sort. He collected some, studied others, noting always the type arrangements and the general format. Naturally, he was anxious to see the Peralta-Reavis land grant papers, and he did so.

One day, therefore, Tom hastened in high excitement to an officer for the United States.

"S-s-say!" exclaimed Tom, who stuttered slightly. "It's f-funny, but I was just looking at one of them Peralta-Reavis papers—it's dated 1748, b-b-but the t-type that printed it wasn't invented until 1875!"

"What?" shrieked the government official.

"Y-yep, and that ain't all. Another of the p-p-p-papers is dated in Madrid, 1787, b-b-but it has a watermark from a Wisconsin p-paper mill that wasn't started till after our C-c-civil War!"

In the process of wrecking came the most astounding true story of swindling that American records show. Certainly the federal government has never been threatened by a more gigantic fraud. Said William M. Tipton, Government Investigator in the case: "No plan ever was more ingeniously devised, none ever carried out with greater patience, industry and skill." Mr. Tipton said that of

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the case in 1896, and it still holds.

In methodical steps, Uncle Sam's men tore down the spurious structure. During long court sessions at San Francisco and at Santa Fe every detail of the swindle was revealed—including the truly skilled if artificial building of a personal love and romance. Don James fought back, hard. There were documents to show, in the minutest detail, how all the legal red tape incident to establishing, defining, surveying and possessing of this generous grant was handled. The ancestry, birth, death, will, descendants—even the actual photographs—of each person involved, right on down to the wife of Don James himself, were presented to the court and introduced as evidence supporting the claimants. Still further, numerous persons were brought into court as witnesses, and under question by attorneys and by Don James they substantiated the land grant story. At every turn Reavis had one or more witnesses to swear to what he had claimed all these years. This included such bizarre details as the Silva de Peralta labor pains experienced when the lovely Sofia was born. However—

"It was not true!" Sofia sobbed in ultimate confession. "He made it up, and made me believe it. I am not the great-granddaughter of the first Baron. There wasn't any first Baron. I don't know who I am. I wish I had died before I ever saw him!"

Defeated in court and deserted by his wife and twin sons, Jim Reavis wrote his own detailed confession. If government agents had not been able to check it practically phrase by phrase, readers would inevitably be prone to regard it as the fantasies of a dream-mad man.

His wife, he admitted, had been an Indian waif, found in California working in bondage for one John W. Snowball. "I saw only that she was beautiful," Reavis said.

Only that she was beautiful—it has been enough to mold the career of many another man, before and since!

He had acquired faked papers of a "Peralta grant" and saw possibilities in them, he explained. He went to Spain to lay his groundwork, gaining admittance to the archives by devious means. There he developed the plan of building his claim around his wife, whom, incidentally, he never did really marry.

"One day in a curio shop in Madrid, I found two ivory portraits of great excellence," says the confession. "Evidently they were husband and wife of Spanish nobility in the 18th century. I bought them, and on them built my mythical super-structure. I told my wife that they were her great-grandparents. Peralta was one good name. I selected another extinct family of nobility, named Silva, and combined the two. I named my wife's ancestors Silva de Peralta.

"Both these names I had found in the ancient archives, and here I patiently went to work. By going from one public printer and scribe to an-

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other about the city, and by doing some of the work myself, I was able to create some excellent 'old' documents. It was easy to slip these into the real records. Sometimes I could take out just one page, and insert another of my own manufacture. Sometimes I would exchange several pages.

"I changed the records to show how my spurious first Baron had been given the huge tract of land in New Spain, how the second Baron had inherited it, and later gone to Mexico. I showed that the second Baron, with his daughter and son-in-law, had been caught in a flood at San Bernardino, California, and that twins had been born to the daughter there. The mother and one of the twins, a boy, had died, according to the record I forged. The baby girl I gave the name of Sofia Loreto Micaila Masó y Silva de Peralta. Later I convinced my wife that she was this baby girl.

"Patience was required in the task of altering the records, but I possessed that quality in abundance. I carefully stuffed the archives in Madrid and Seville, then in Mexico City. Always I was given the greatest liberty. In fact I was offered too much assistance at times.

"Once I had a faked page or two that I wanted to insert in an old book of records, but the courteous priest wouldn't leave me alone. I pretended to become ill from the stale air in the monastery, and all of a sudden I 'fainted.' The padre rushed to get wine and assistance to revive me. He never knew that I stuffed false records into his archives while he was away."

Don James—Jim Reavis—served most of his six-year sentence in the state prison at Santa Fe, New Mexico. So influential had he been, that many citizens worked for his release. Some actually feared reprisals, when he should get out and resume his office as Baron after proving that the government had "robbed" him!

He attracted little attention after his release, the records suggest now. He was definitely seen in Phoenix in 1910, when he voiced some wild idea about promoting a reclamation project, citizens there recall. But he was tolerated as just a grayed, pale and somewhat foolish old man, and finally he moved on. Nobody can say just where he went; in all probability he died soon after he left Phoenix, for age and ill health were upon him.

Disgraced and dispossessed of all her finery, Dona Sofia Loreto and her twin boys rapidly sunk to poverty in Santa Fe. She asked for a divorce, and got it. For a time she was trying to eke out a living as a housemaid—but it is hard indeed for an ex-baroness to do such work. The records do not show what became of her. She too "moved on."

Thus the true narrative of America's most audacious swindler must end—appropriately, perhaps—in a note of lingering mystery. The main characters have just disappeared.

—Oren Arnold

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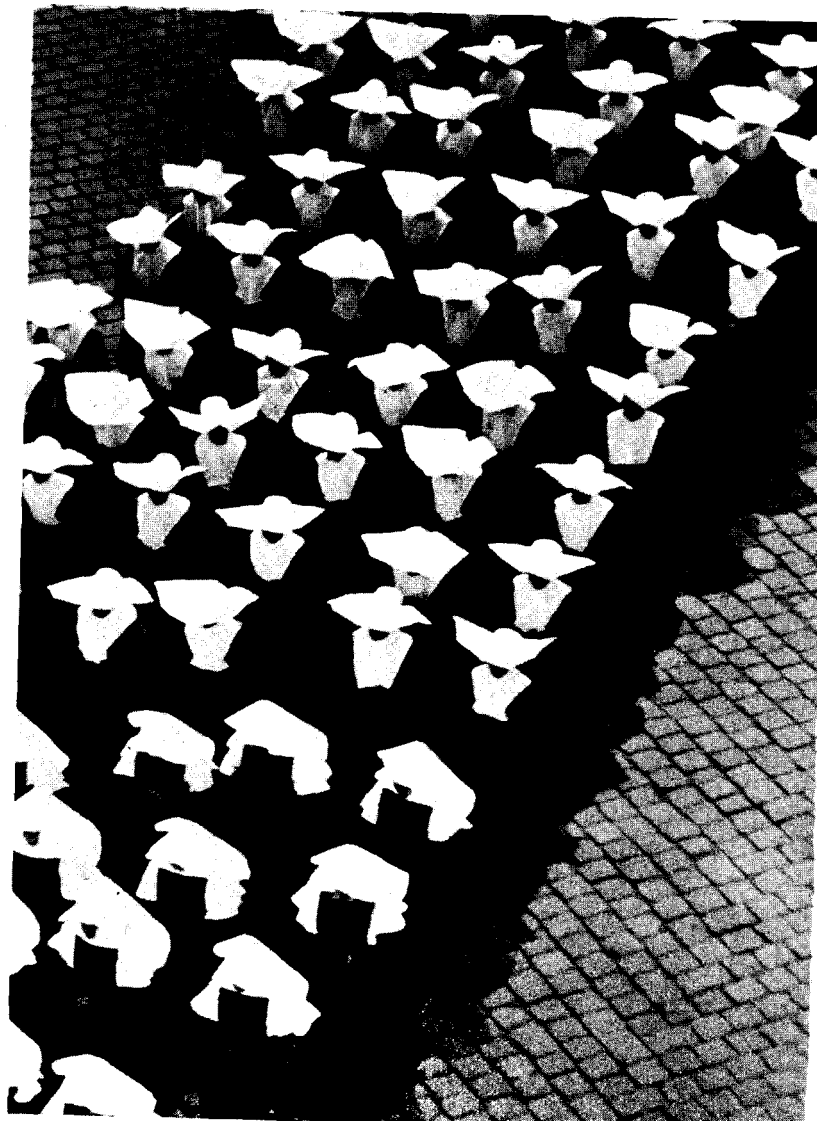

ERNÖ VADAS

BUDAPEST

PROCESSION

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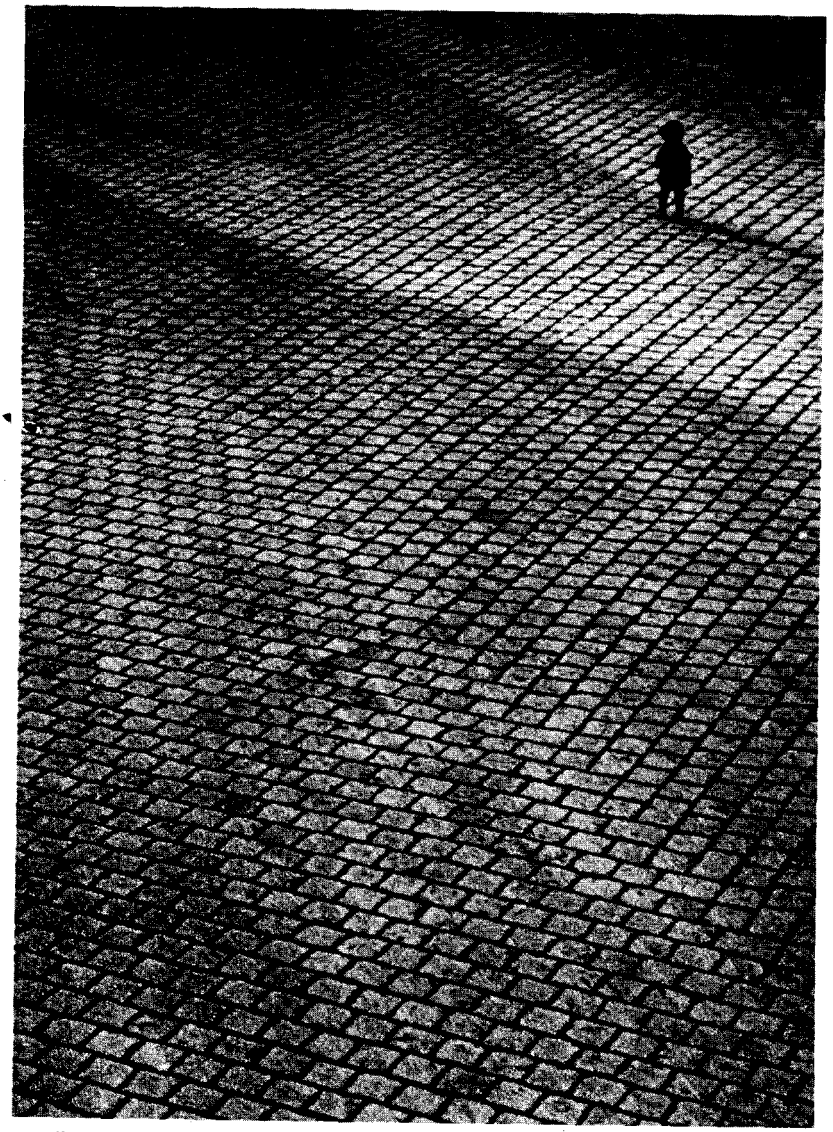

ERNÖ VADAS

BUDAPEST

BYSTANDER

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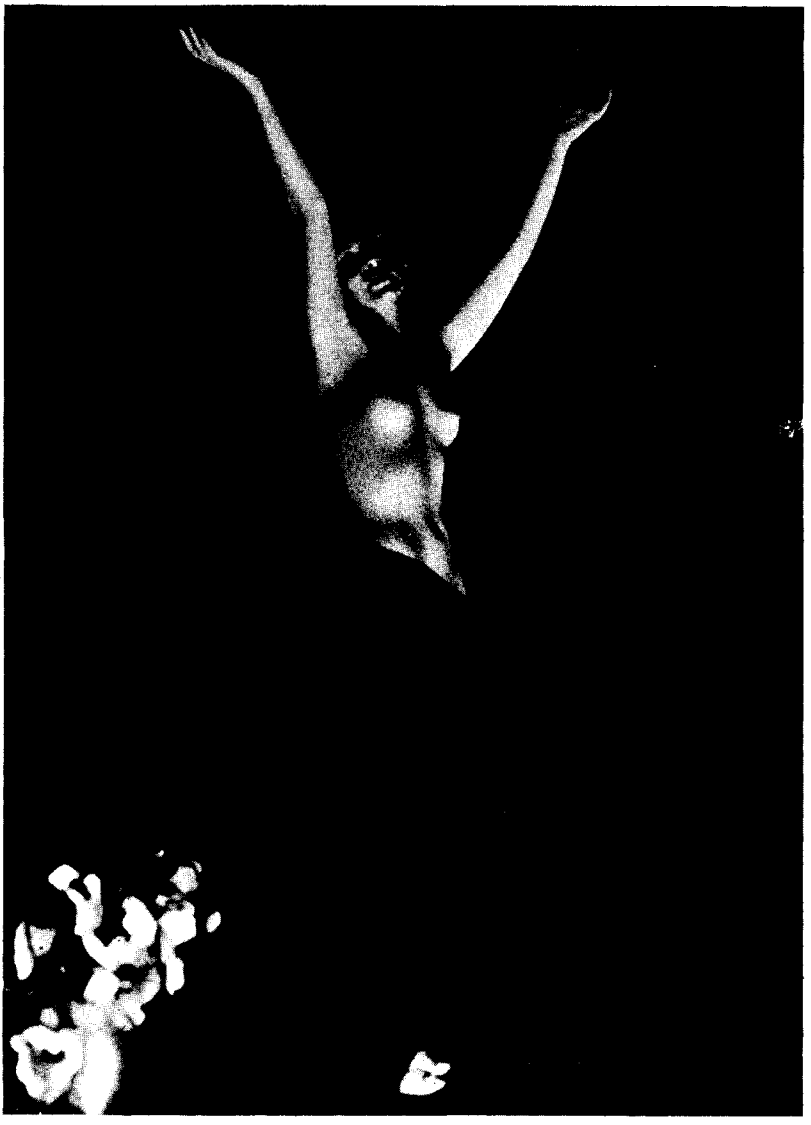

BRUNO NEW YORK

ARMS

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FINGERS

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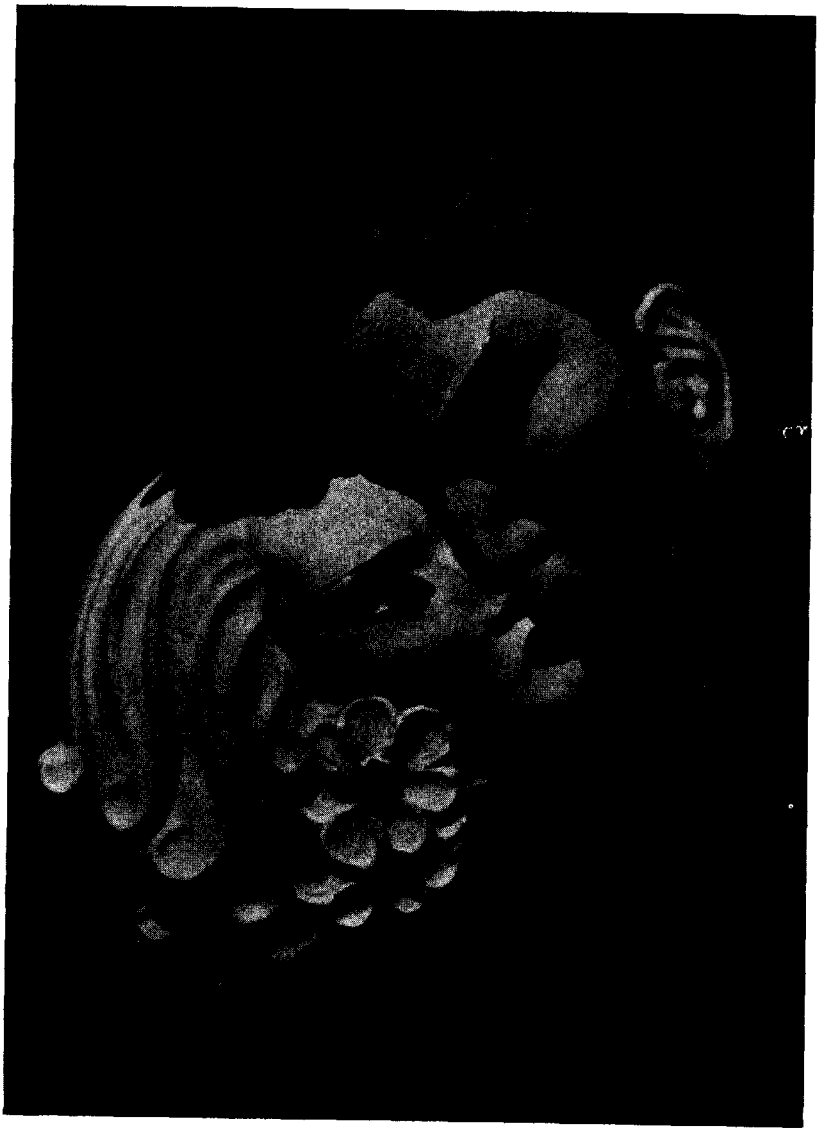

BRUNO NEW YORK

THE KISS

CORONET

28

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SHERRIL SCHELL HOLLYWOOD

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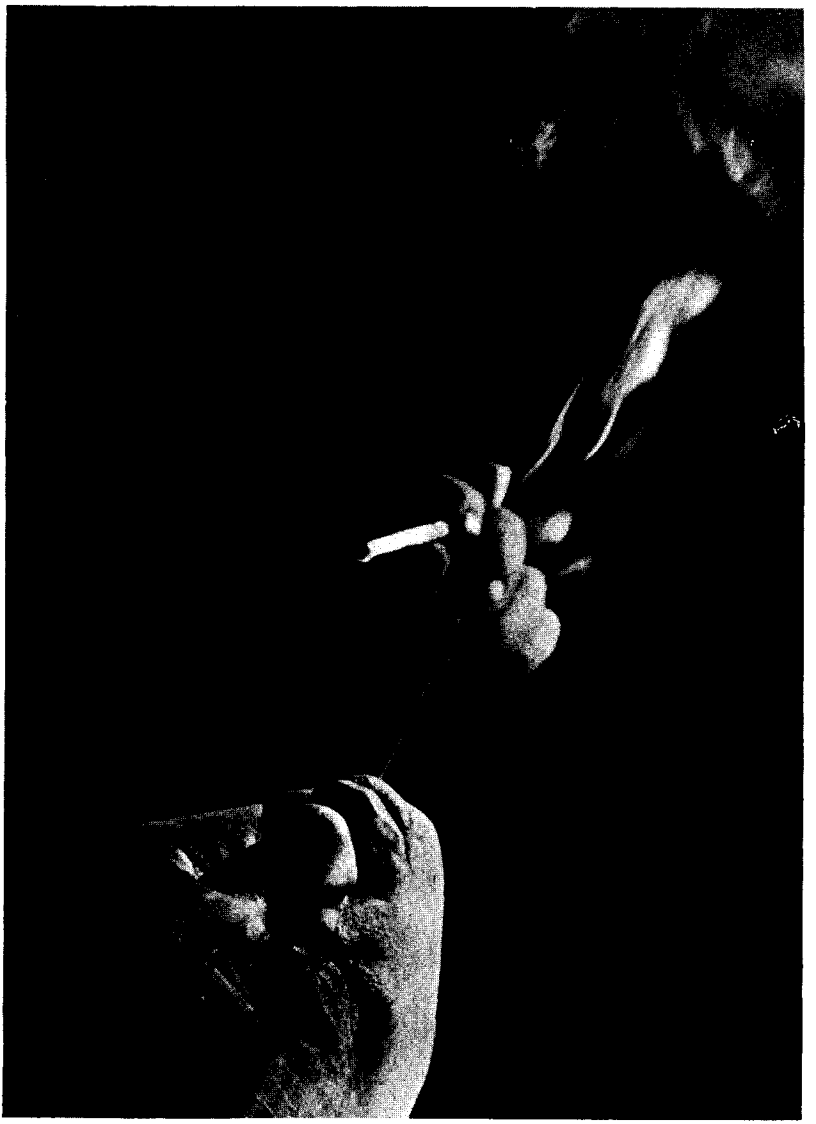

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

CONTENTMENT

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ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

"THE THINKER"

MARCH, 1937

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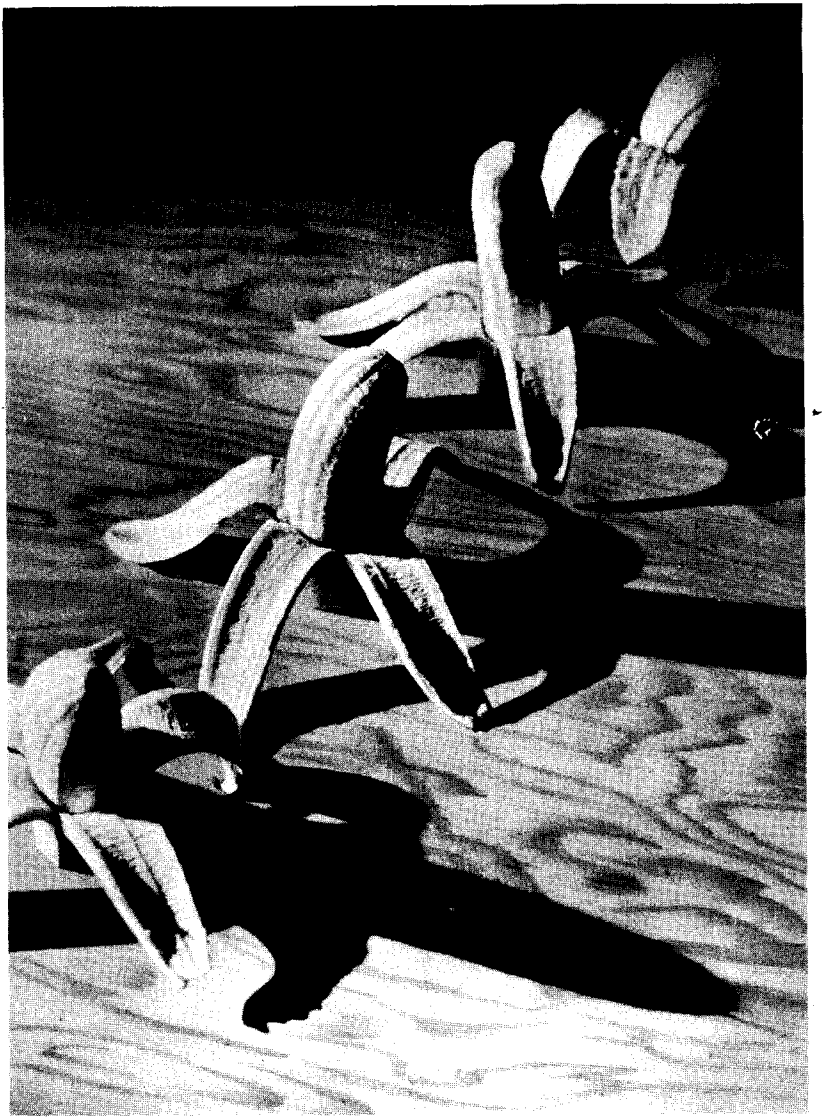

WESTELIN CHICAGO

BANANA DANCE

CORONET

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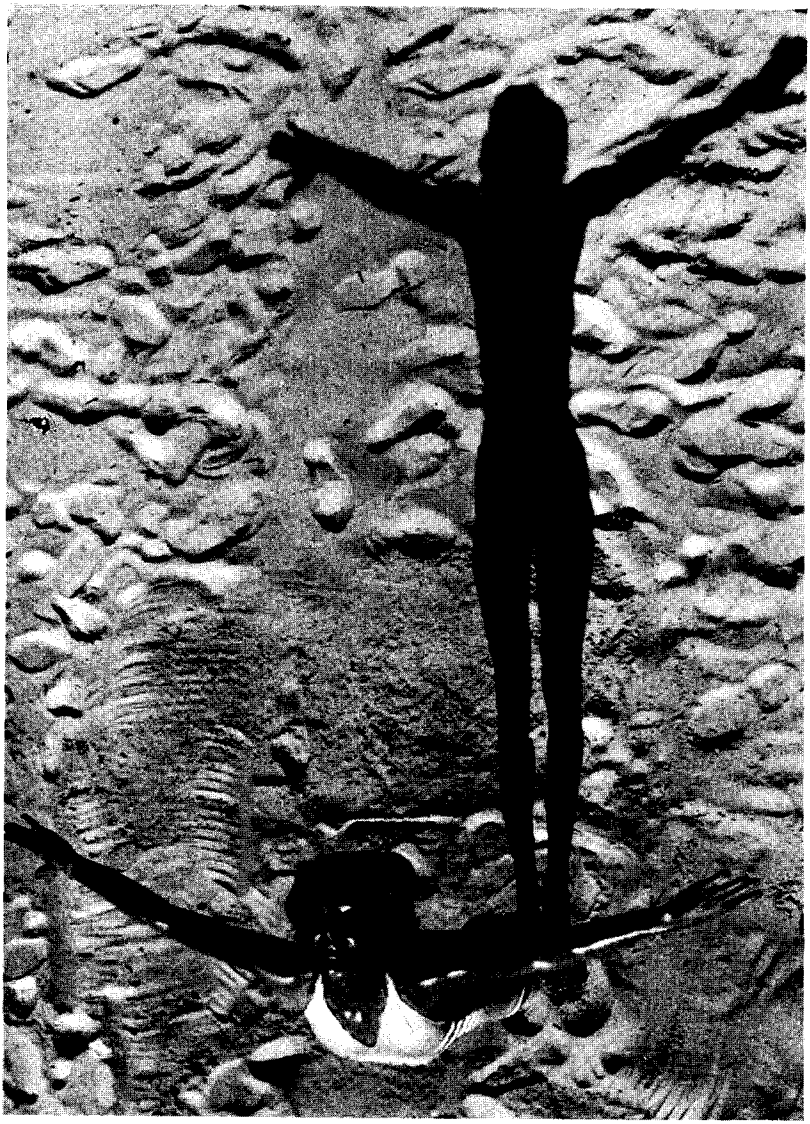

HERBERT MATTER BLACK STAR PHOTO

RIVIERA VENUS

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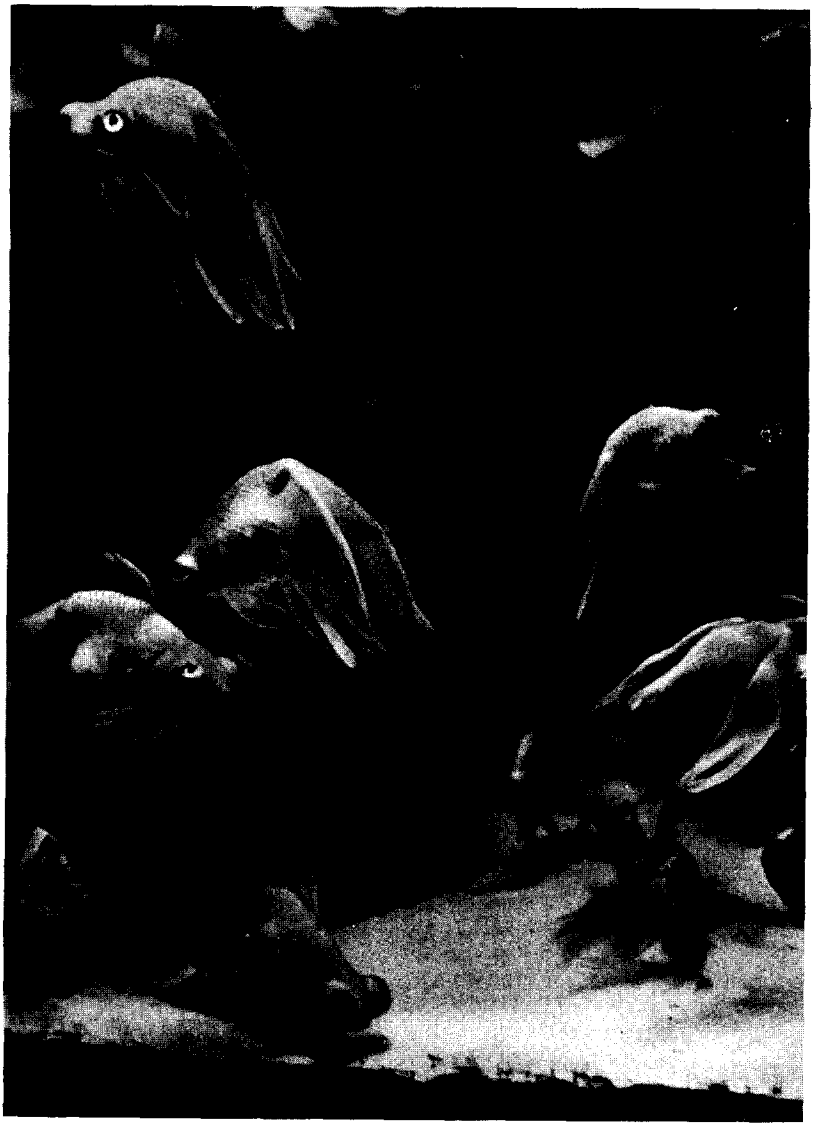

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

AQUARIUM

CORONET

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were exchanged, and a duel took place the following morning. Saint-Saëns viciously denounced the composer; André Capu, the critic, bellowed that it was all a colossal bluff, while—at the same time—Maurice Ravel was crying "genius" to his inattentive neighbors. The Austrian Ambassador laughed loudly in derision; Florent Schmitt, the great composer, attacked him for his laughter. The Princess de Pourtalès left her box exclaiming: "I am sixty years old but this is the first time that anyone has dared to make a fool of me!" Another proud society lady rose majestically in her seat, contracted her capacious bosom and spat in the face of one of the demonstrators. In the wings, Stravinsky was clinging to Nijinsky's coat collar to prevent him from rushing on the stage and publicly expressing his rage. And throughout all, Claude Debussy, pale and trembling, was pleading to the audience to remain quiet and listen patiently to the music.

When the tempestuous performance came to a close, Stravinsky (who had left a sick-bed to be present), Diaghilev and Nijinsky fled from the Théâtre engaged a fiacre and spent the entire night circling the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. Their nerves were tangled, their temples throbbed, they were alternately smothered by rage and disappointment. The drive through the Bois, however, calmed and refreshed them. When they returned to their homes the following dawn, optimism and faith had replaced the despair of the previous night. They knew that they had created an important and epochal work, they were convinced that the music had greatness as well as originality, that it was music of the future, that it would live.

And that, as far as they were concerned, was the only important consideration.

Igor Stravinsky was born in Oranienbaum, a suburb of St. Petersburg, on St. Igor's Day—June 5, 1882. His father, Feodor, was a well-known singer of the Maryinsky Theatre who—as though to establish a more direct link between Igor and the traditions of the "Russian-five"—had been cast as the drunken monk in the first performance of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounoff*. Feodor Stravinsky, despite his artistic calling, was a practical and level-headed man. Long before Igor's birth he had decided that any child of his would be strongly discouraged from adopting art as a profession; for Igor, therefore, he had selected law. Not even the fact that, in his early academic studies, Igor was very near hopeless (the schoolmaster at one time dispatched a note to Feodor Stravinsky prophesying that Igor would never amount to anything!) while in his piano study he revealed an alert intelligence, could persuade the father to change his plans. Clinging to them tenaciously, he saw Igor through preparatory school and finally into the University of St. Petersburg.

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Stravinsky's music study was, therefore, at first spasmodic. As a child of seven, he studied the piano under the guidance of a pupil of Anton Rubinstein. During the University days, he received the permission of his father to begin the study of harmony under a private tutor. Dull exercises and implacable rules were of small attraction to him; in a short while, he discontinued this study. In his eighteenth year, he began to thumb a textbook on counterpoint, finding therein so much fascination that he assumed the study of the subject, autodidactically. He achieved a remarkable knowledge of its technique, particularly in view of the fact that he was guided only by his own instincts.

When Stravinsky was twenty years old, he left with his family for Bad Wildungen, Germany, for a prolonged holiday. While there, he heard that Rimsky-Korsakoff was in Heidelberg. A great admirer of the composer and teacher, Stravinsky left immediately for Heidelberg to consult Rimsky-Korsakoff about his own career. He performed for the master a few abortive piano pieces which he had recently composed. To Rimsky-Korsakoff, these piano pieces represented the stuttering of an immature musical mind; however, behind the self-conscious stammers, he perceived an individual speech and an original message. Rimsky-Korsakoff, therefore urged Stravinsky to continue his musical pastimes, dissuaded him from entering the St. Petersburg Conservatory whose rigid curriculum, he feared, might stifle so headstrong a personality, and advised the novice to submit to him whatever he might produce.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's praise—couched though it was in cautious and none too enthusiastic vocabulary—convinced Stravinsky, at last, that he would become a serious musician. He did not, as yet, abandon law. Instead, in spare hours he hurled himself with all of his youthful zest into the artistic life of St. Petersburg. He read avidly the art-journal, *The World of Art*, edited by an apostle of modernism, Diaghilev. Frequently, he visited the exhibition of paintings which this same Diaghilev arranged in St. Petersburg. And he became an enthusiastic member of a progressive musical society which performed regularly the chamber works of modern French composers.

Towards the close of 1903, Stravinsky completed his first unified composition, a piano sonata. For a fortnight, he lived with Rimsky-Korsakoff, while the master carefully and patiently dissected the work and mercilessly disclosed its technical weakness. Rimsky-Korsakoff found that the composition, though a work of an undeveloped musician, possessed a strength of fiber and an intensity of speech not frequently discovered in a first-born work. He, therefore, no longer had any hesitancy in advising Stravinsky to take the final step—exchange the

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profession of law for that of music.

In 1904, Stravinsky was married to his cousin, a girl of unusual intelligence who was strongly instrumental in swaying him from a legal career to that of music. Early in 1905, upon completing his course at the University, Stravinsky definitely changed the direction of his life. Brushing aside the legal profession permanently, he began a two-year period of intensive study of instrumentation under Rimsky-Korsakoff. And under the guidance of the master, he was converted from a raw student into a self-confident musician.

The first fruits of his studies with Rimsky-Korsakoff were a symphony, a suite for voice and orchestra, and two orchestral morsels—*Scherzo fantastique* (inspired by Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee*) and *Fireworks*, prepared in honor of the forthcoming marriage of Rimsky-Korsakoff's daughter, Sonia. In all of these works, the rebel had not yet begun to flaunt his defiance in the face of tradition. This was music strongly influenced by the idiom established by the "Russian-five," couched in orthodox forms.

The manuscript of *Fireworks* was dispatched to Rimsky-Korsakoff as a surprise offering for the forthcoming wedding. The master, however, never saw the work. The registered package was returned to Stravinsky unopened, on account of the death of the addressee.

The winter of 1908 was a turning point in Stravinsky's career. At that time the Siloti concerts in St. Petersburg presented the *Scherzo fantastique* and *Fireworks*. Among those who were in the audience was Diaghilev, the increasingly famous sponsor of modern art and organizer of a new Russian ballet to be introduced to Paris the following year. Diaghilev, who possessed uncanny nostrils for scenting latent genius, recognized that greatness lurked in the hidden corners of these works. Immature they were, to be sure; but Diaghilev had too penetrating a vision not to perceive that beyond the immaturity could be found the growing stature of a true individuality. Particularly in the coruscantly orchestrated *Fireworks*, of which Fokine, the ballet-master, once said that it always made him see vividly flames searing the skies. Diaghilev, therefore, contacted Stravinsky, asked him if he would be interested in enlisting his talent in the Diaghilev ballet, and—as a first assignment—commissioned Stravinsky to orchestrate two Chopin pieces to be used in the ballet, *Chopiniana*. Thus began a relationship which, continuing for two decades, was to have a titanic effect not only upon Stravinsky's artistic evolution but upon the development of modern music as well.

How important an influence Diaghilev has been in Stravinsky's artistic evolution has been the subject for many copious paragraphs. Certainly, it is ridiculous to assume that had there been no Diaghilev there would have been no Stravinsky—an asser-

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tion which many of Diaghilev's devotees have strongly and frequently reiterated. There are sufficient fingerprints of the later Stravinsky in *Scherzo fantastique* and *Fireworks*—particularly in the nervous energy of the rhythms, the electrically charged instrumentation, and above all in the first signs of impatience and dissatisfaction with existing musical mannerisms—to convince us that, given the ordinary development and growth, Stravinsky would have made his mark without Diaghilev. However, it would be just as naïve to brush aside completely Diaghilev's influence. An immature genius does not, overnight, evolve into an integrated artist with a highly developed personal vocabulary unless there is a powerful external influence. The only convincing explanation for Stravinsky's reaching full maturity so rapidly, for the existence of two such works as *Fireworks* and *L'Oiseau de feu*, side by side, is—Diaghilev.

Chopiniana—with the two Stravinsky orchestrations commissioned by Diaghilev—was featured in the inaugural season of the Ballet Russe at the Paris Opéra. The orchestration pleased Diaghilev considerably; several months later, in planning another season for the Ballet Russe, he decided to place his most important musical commission in the hands of this young and inexperienced composer. The result was *L'Oiseau de feu*, given its première in Paris on June 25, 1910. *L'Oiseau de feu* was an instantaneous success, the most substantial triumph of the 1910 season of the Ballet Russe. Some of the critics were puzzled by several of the more unorthodox pages of Stravinsky's music, but for the most part they found it full of power and beauty. A handful of French musicians knew that with *L'Oiseau* a formidable musical creator had emerged. One of these was Claude Debussy who, immediately after the first performance, rushed backstage, embraced Stravinsky and poured out his effusive congratulations before the embarrassed young composer.

The success of *L'Oiseau de feu* definitely established the Ballet Russe as an annual feature of the Paris theatrical season. In planning the 1911 season, therefore, Diaghilev inevitably looked to Stravinsky to furnish him a new score. The new score was *Petrushka*, completed in 1911, and introduced on June 3 of that year at the Châtelet in Paris. *Petrushka* definitely established Stravinsky's fame. Once again, his unusual effects—now grown more startlingly original and bizarre—caused the raising of eyebrows. But many music critics could not deny Stravinsky's seductively fresh approach, the rich Slavic flavor of his musical material, and, most important of all, his ability to give music an expressiveness which few, if any, of his contemporaries could duplicate. To the public at large, Stravinsky represented much more an intriguing but ephemeral novelty than a permanent influence; his music appeared more original than important. But a handful of musicians

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and art lovers already accepted him as a prophet of the future.

Following *Petrushka*, Stravinsky began work upon *The Rites of Spring*, which definitely established him as a world figure in music, one of the most publicized and provocative personalities of our generation.

Though *The Rites of Spring* was subject to derision and laughter, Stravinsky was convinced that he had produced an important work, maintaining that it was he who was right and not his critics. Slowly and inevitably, Stravinsky's faith in himself and in his work was to reach magnificent justification. On July 11, 1913, Pierre Monteux introduced the ballet to London; while there was some hissing, there was definitely more applause. On April 15, 1914, Pierre Monteux conducted the music of the ballet at a symphony-concert at the Casino de Paris; the enthusiasm was stirring. In 1919, Monteux introduced the score to America at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was cheered. Since that time, *The Rites of Spring* has been smugly accepted by the music world as the crowning work of Stravinsky's career, one of the indisputable monuments of twentieth century music.

Several other important works were to follow *The Rites of Spring*, principally *The Song of the Nightingale* and *Les Noces*. The last-named work brought to a close Stravinsky's middle creative period, the period of revolt. In his works of this period, harmonic language had been immeasurably enriched, contrapuntal writing had been stretched to its utmost flexibility, forms had become elastically supple, orchestration had been ignited with electric brilliance, rhythm had achieved its most potent kinaesthetic appeal. Moreover, in these works, Stravinsky achieved a power and intensity of expression that was dynamic, an energy that was irrepressible. These works gave the listener the impression that they were created in white heat. The music sweeps relentlessly like a typhoon. Stravinsky's works from *L'Oiseau de feu* through *Les Noces* are uncontrolled outbursts of creative genius.

In 1919, Stravinsky transferred his home from Switzerland (where he had been living since 1910) to France, applying at the same time for French citizenship. He was a Russian no longer. But in his music he had already renounced the land of his birth and adopted France. Beginning with *Renard*, a mystifying metamorphosis came over Stravinsky's style and idiom. He had suddenly discarded the style of his magnificent second period as though it were a removable cloak and assumed an altogether new and foreign one. Russian heritage and culture no longer dominated his thinking; from the composition of music with indigenous roots he turned to the creation of works assuming the polished and manicured fingertips of French art. Most important of all, he had ceased to compose in his former

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vitriolic style and began to produce music with a simplified and lucid texture, and forms polished and refined. A cool counterpoint replaced his former tangled rhythms; his orchestration had now been peeled of several layers of color; the former nervous excitation now yielded to an aloof placidity. Stravinsky was composing in the style of Handel and Scarlatti.

Stravinsky's third period as a creator has been even more radically different from the one that preceded it than the second had been. Works like *L'Histoire du Soldat*, *Oedipus Rex*, *Symphony of Psalms* and *Persephone* have aroused as much acrid controversy in our time as *The Rites of Spring* and *Petrushka* did in their day. Today, as well as in 1913, Stravinsky is a storm center. On the one hand, there are many musicians who fervently believe that Stravinsky's third period is the ultimate, inevitable fulfillment of a lifelong artistic evolution. These musicians feel strongly that Stravinsky has produced music of transcendent quality, music finally denuded of overstuffed costumes and meretricious jewelry, a music purged of hysterics and emotional exhibitionism, a music whose highest aesthetic value lies in its purity, objective beauty and restraint.

But just so strongly does the opposing camp believe that in his third period Stravinsky degenerated from a true genius unto senescence. These critics of Stravinsky feel that the great weakness of his latest works rests in the consummate success with which the composer achieved the ideal he has set for himself: even in the most pretentious of his later works, they feel, are stretches of tonal aridity, as well as a style that is effete and without character and a message devoid of any vitality.

However, though Stravinsky's music may be subject for violent differences of opinion, there can be no question that today, just as in 1913, he assumes a magisterial position over the composers of our time, exerting a cataclysmic influence. Just as in 1913 his cacophonies and dynamism led the way to revolt and opened up an altogether new avenue for musical expression (an avenue through which composers everywhere were following his lead), so five years later his purity of writing pointed the way to a neoclassicism which younger and older composers were to adopt unquestioningly. His outlook, his artistic aim, his style may undergo complete reversal, but such is the titanic force and strength of his personality that he sways with him half of the music world. Whether one accepts the later period or rejects it, one cannot deny that as an influence in modern music Stravinsky remains unique.

Stravinsky is small and thin, his shoulders stoop slightly, his chest appears hollow. At first glance he appears to be more the bank clerk or successful business man than the artist. His face, long and lean, has an expression of indefinable sadness. His eyes have a particularly piercing in-

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tensity which not even heavy lenses can obscure. An aquiline nose descends sharply from a majestic brow, and overlooks lips of uncompromising firmness. His upper lip has had a latent growth for many years now; the hair is thin and sparse as though he had only just begun to raise a moustache. He definitely gives the impression of excessive fragileness. However, he is not half so susceptible to illness as his puny body suggests or as he himself frankly believes. An inveterate hypochondriac, his frequent pains and indispositions are more imaginary than actual.

When this writer last visited Stravinsky, the composer was living in a spacious apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré district of Paris, a few moments from the Champs Élysées. The family consists of four children: the oldest, Feodor, is a capable painter; Sviatoslav is a competent pianist (who, together with his father, introduced the *Concerto for Two Pianos* in Paris last year); Milena has an uncanny gift at painting icons for churches, and she possesses a charming voice; Milka is still very young.

Stravinsky impresses friends and those with whom he comes into direct contact as a man of herculean energy. He is no longer a young man, and he has had a vigorous life. Yet his schedule would tax the endurance of one many years younger. His conductorial assignments force him to span virtually half a globe during a music season. Yet he returns from each rigorous concert schedule and fatiguing succession of boats and trains as fresh as when he started—fresh enough, certainly, to hurl himself with his customary zest into the production of a new composition, the study of a new score, perhaps even into the writing of critical essays or a book of memoirs.

Seated at his side, one instantly feels the enormous vitality of the man. He pours as much energy and zest into a casual conversation as he does in any of his endeavors—vigorously criticizing composers and their music, acidly condemning fads and fashions, electrically alive at every moment. As he talks, he diverts some of this endless energy into smoking cigarettes, stroking his moustache or making staccato gestures of the wrists to punctuate his remarks. Occasionally, he shifts nervously in his chair, or paces the room. He seems incapable of being still a moment. He literally exhausts his listeners.

Stravinsky is enormously fond of conversation, and will discuss any and every musical subject with equal fervor. Unless he is very familiar with his visitor, Stravinsky maintains a discreet, but frigid silence where his own music is concerned, will make every effort to avoid any mention of it in his conversation.

He is quite convinced of the ultimate importance of his work; at one time he went so far as to say (refusing, however, to be specific) that there have been only three people in the world who have really under-

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stood his music—thereby placing his lifework in the abstruse class of Whitehead's symbolic logic and Einstein's theory of relativity. His reluctance to discuss his own work springs from lifelong experience which taught him that the greatest majority of those who come to him with idolatrous words on their lips reveal, when they flower into more elaborate conversation, an appalling ignorance of what he has tried to accomplish.

He esteems Donizetti and Bellini higher than he does Beethoven, Schubert or Brahms. About Bellini he once said that the music world is still too immature to appreciate the real genius of *Norma* and *La Sonnambula*. Wagner he detests instinctively and intellectually. His favorite composers include Mozart and Tschaikovsky. Among the moderns, he holds the highest of esteem for Prokofieff, Hindemith and de Falla. None of the younger talented composers have made an impression upon him.

Stravinsky's world, however, does not consist entirely of music. His intellectual horizon is sufficiently broad to include art and literature. With the exception of art, religion plays the most dominant rôle in his life. He is devoutly pious. In his study there hangs a painted icon over a lit candle; in front of this Stravinsky prays each morning. He likewise attends the Russian Church in Paris regularly. By nature he is a mystic, believes firmly in intuition, instincts and the power of heaven-sent inspiration. He is also morbidly superstitious.

There is nothing of the ascetic in Stravinsky. He is extraordinarily fond of good food, indulges in it ravenously when he is feeling well. He is also a connoisseur of fine wines, and a slavish devotee of sweets. Luxuries—particularly silk pajamas, well-tailored clothing, handsome ivory cigarette holders, etc.—are indispensable to his happiness.

Everything about him attests to his love for system and order. He dresses with the utmost of neatness, his dress always including spats, discreet jewelry and a walking stick. His daily life in Paris is systematically routinized to include not only his musical activities and his many appointments, but also his religious functions and his regular gymnastic exercises before an open window. His study is as neatly in order after he has worked there several hours as when he enters it. A manuscript of his is the last word in precise and meticulous clarity; his calligraphy resembles fine print.

He detests theories concocted to explain his music, and even more to create them himself. As he once remarked in an interview: "A nose is not manufactured; a nose just is. Thus, too, my art." Elaborating upon this point in his autobiography, he wrote: "For me, as a creative musician, composition is a daily function that I feel impelled to discharge. I compose because I am made for that and cannot do otherwise."

—David Ewen

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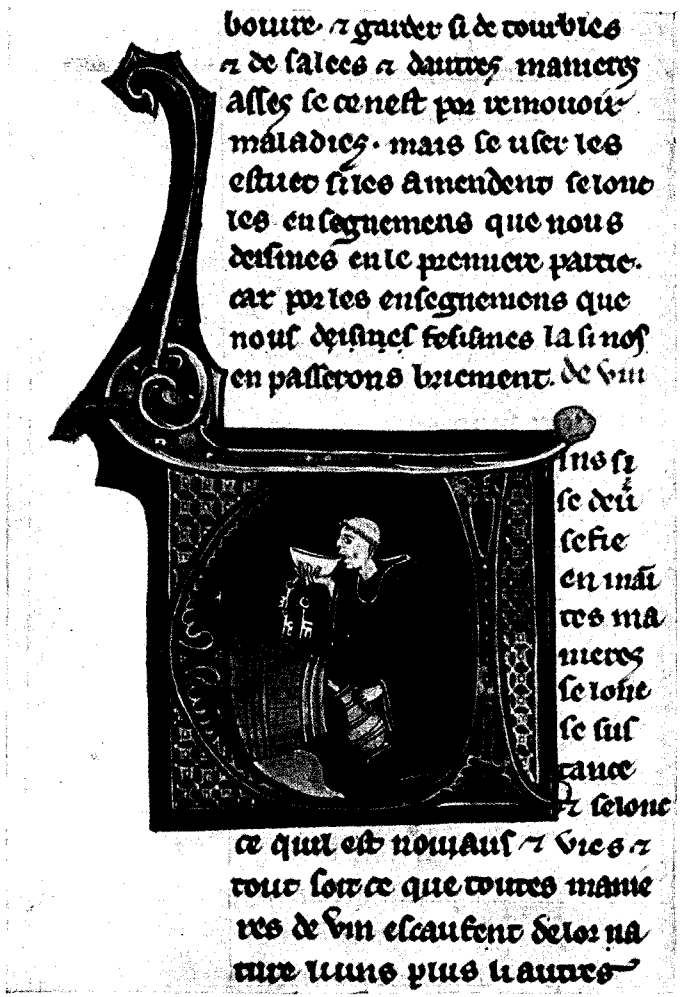

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SATIRE, MEDIAEVAL STYLE

This illuminated initial letter is from a chapter on wines in a late Thirteenth Century Flemish manuscript copy of a book on health by Aldobrandino of Siena. The illustrated figure is a cellarer with one thought for the thirst of his fellow friars and two for his own!

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FROM A FLEMISH BOOK OF HOURS

The Visitation. The miniatures (actual size) on this and the next five pages were executed, in the finest style of Flemish art, toward the end of the Fifteenth Century, probably at Bruges. Each is a full page illustration in a Horae, or Book of Hours, in the British Museum.

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ST. BARBARA AND HER FATHER

St. Barbara's father beat his daughter to death, for which evil deed he was immediately struck by lightning. By a curious twist of mediaeval reasoning she became, therefore, not only the patroness of the makers of fireworks and firearms, but was invoked for a happy death!

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ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

St. George, once the patron of all soldiers, in the later Middle Ages became identified exclusively as the patron of the English. (His red cross is in the Union Jack.) In art and early literature he is always represented as the dragon's killer; here, curiously, as its tamer.

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THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY

St. Anthony left a life of ease for one of utter solitude where for over twenty years he resisted the most ingenious temptations the Devil could present to his imagination. Other hermits, attracted by his example, grouped about him. Thus began the mediaeval monasteries.

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THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

They say that once St. Christopher, while carrying a little child over a stream, felt a fearful weight on his shoulders. It was Christ, with the world in his hands. They say too that he who sees St. Christopher will not be hurt that day. Hence St. Christopher medals in automobiles.

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INSPIRATION OF ALL MEDIAEVAL ART

In Europe up to 1500, everybody was born into the Church, which was the all-dominant institution of the Middle Ages and practically the only source of both art and education—thus the overwhelming preponderance of religious subjects in all mediaeval art and literature.

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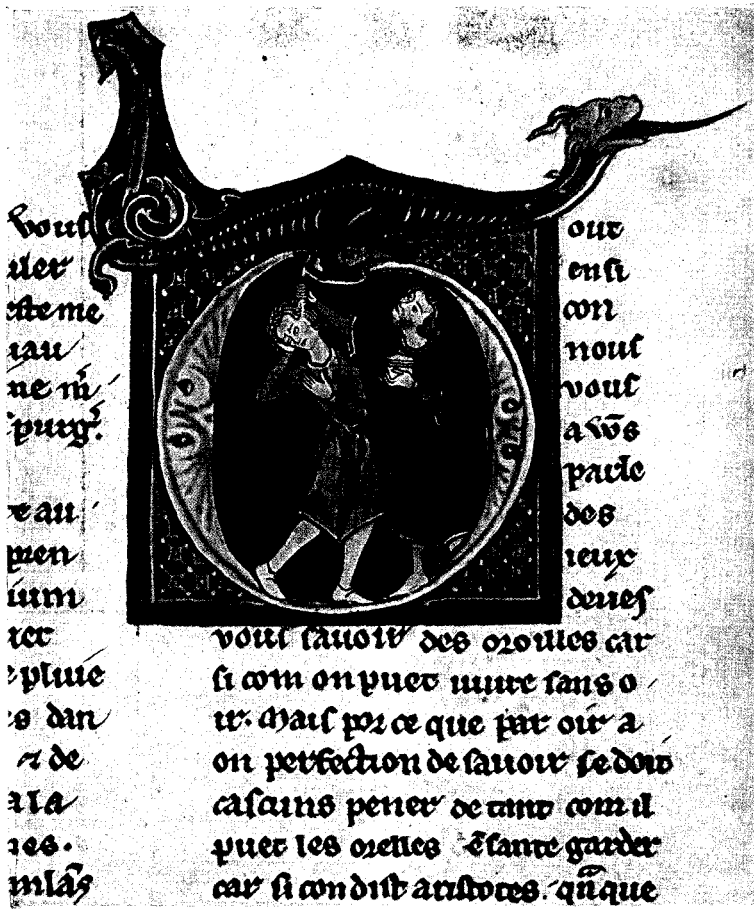

TREATING AN EARACHE (XIII CENT.)

To see art's development during the emergence from the Dark Ages, study this page (*circa* 1285), good in design but with crude figures, then page 145 (*circa* 1400), with improved figures but faulty perspective, then page 48 (*circa* 1490), with almost perfect perspective.

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IN SEARCH OF A RULER

HAPPIEST ARE THE WEAKLY GOVERNED,
YET "LEADER-WORSHIP" GROWS APACE

MAN, for at least five thousand years, and maybe five million, has been searching for a government.

Not daring to rule himself, he has regularly set up some one, something to rule him. Monarchies, oligarchies, democracies, republics; emperors, kings, bishops, dictators, masters—there is almost no limit to the kind of rulers he has invented for himself.

He has even permitted himself to be ruled by Divine Right. And sometimes a short time before Divinity fell upon the shoulders of some creature, he was a shepherd or a robber. The founder of the Ming Dynasty was a village chief turned revolutionist and they called him the Son of Heaven.

In the first quarter of the Fifteenth Century, Owen Tudor lived with the daughter of Charles VI of France without benefit of clergy. Out of that descended the royal Tudor family. The Romanoffs were Scandinavian freebooters who married well and produced "The Little Father of All the Russias." You can go through the genealogies of all the great ruling houses and everywhere the same thing will be found, a strong-armed gentleman who, discovering that people wanted, needed, craved a ruler, set himself up as one—and then made the people pay him for his services.

It is a sort of masochism which makes this necessary. After the French people had gone through fire and hell to get rid of their kings, they bent their knees to a Corsican peasant's son who called himself an emperor. After the Chinese bled to rid themselves of the Manchu rulers, they set the son of a Ningpo fisherman on the Dragon throne—for that is what it amounts to.

Dorothy Thompson, in an article in the New York *Herald Tribune*, refers to this tendency as a need for leadership. But that is an insufficient explanation. Man is not as desirous of being led, which involves a certain volition, as he is afraid of himself. He is afraid of the consequences of his own actions. He is willing to pay an enormous price to be freed from the necessity of governing himself, from making decisions concerning himself in the field of morals and ethics. He wants someone to tell him whether he is to drive on the right or the left side of the road. He wants someone

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to tell his neighbor not to resort to unfair practices, lest he be tempted to try them himself. The goodness in man's heart seems to need a lot of policing—and most of us know that.

II.

The Fathers of this country were afraid of two things, kings and themselves. They sought to establish a rulerless country and yet a ruled country. They went about it in the most circuitous manner, for they were never sure that some man would not sometime set himself up as the ruler. At the same time, they believed that they knew that men could not manage without restraints. They differed from other men, however, in this, that they feared the king more than they feared themselves. It must not be forgotten that they had a sound reason for that emphasis: the king against whom they had rebelled was crazy.

Folks are not usually so fortunate as to know that their rulers are mad while they still rule. That is usually discovered afterwards from the diaries of queens and the memoirs of courtiers. But Sam Adams and Thomas Jefferson and even Alexander Hamilton had had an experience with a crazy king and they were definitely off kings.

So they wrote a constitution with the visage of the mad king always before them. Suppose they elected a president and he went mad. How would they discover in time that he was crazy? They would take no chances. They put that into the constitution.

They limited his tenure in office, his authority over money, his participation in legislation and his rights over individual citizens. They did not make him a nonentity. They wanted him to govern but not to rule. They wanted him to enforce the law but not to state the law. They hedged him about in such a manner that they could override his decisions by passing measures over his veto; that they could limit his power to form a government by senatorial approval of men appointed to office; that they could get rid of him by formal impeachment.

Now, if the Founding Fathers had not had this experience with a crazy king, they would not have taken so many precautions concerning the president. They might have modeled themselves on the British system of their day. Then Washington would have formed a dynasty; Hamilton would have been a premier; Jefferson would have been the leader of the opposition —and perhaps, if one speculates far enough, by the time of the War of 1812 Washington might have been discredited as a despot and we might have been back under the British crown.

If one reads Washington's *Farewell Address* from this standpoint, it is possible to realize what a magnificent person he must have been. One of the richest men in the country, already the only truly national popular person, he could have reached for the crown. And men were so accustomed to crowns then, that he might have offset the popular fear of a crazy king. But he chose self-control rather than personal

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power. He refused a third term and he admonished his countrymen to abide by the Constitution. He said:

"One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the Constitution alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what can not be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember especially that for the efficient management of your common interests in a country so extensive as ours a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian."

Just as the primitive tribes made a fetish of a totem pole, just as a medieval serf made a fetish of the divine rights of his feudal lord, so we have made a fetish of our Constitution. And that is as it should be. Man cannot live without fetishes. If they do not exist for him, he must make them. The Constitution is such a document; it is a religious symbol like the Ark or the Covenant among the Jews or the Crucifix among the Christians. Made by men of varying qualifications, it is nevertheless sacred, for without it we fall into anarchy.

Now the genius of the Constitution lies not in the particular form of government it gave us, for human beings manage to survive any form of government. Its genius lies in its restrictions upon government. I should say offhand that as much space is devoted to telling the government what it cannot do as to what it can do. Every governmental agency is restricted at some point—and the individual American citizen is protected from the despotism of government.

Here undoubtedly was Jefferson's influence. Just as most early Americans disliked kings, so Jefferson disliked governments. He was not an anarchist, but he might be termed a Confucian. The Chinese sage held that that was the best government which governed least. Jefferson held to that doctrine. It was not only the crazy king who brought misery to the colonies; it was all the government—the cabinet, parliament, the colonial governors, the tax-collectors—the whole lot of them spoiling on vested interests. So Jefferson distrusted governments. In his first inaugural address, he said:

"I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government can not be strong, that this Government is not strong enough; but would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, aban-

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don a government which has so far kept us free and firm on the theoretic and visionary fear that this Government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest Government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man can not be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the forms of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question."

His trust in free men and in the rights of minorities precluded a strong government. For strong governments dare not tolerate minorities and cannot abide free men. Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini control strong governments; George VI reigns over the weakest of governments.

Washington and Jefferson fixed the pattern of our country—Washington by rejecting kingship, Jefferson by insisting upon the strength of the individual and the weakness of the government.

And the curious phenomenon of American history has been that since Washington and Jefferson, we have lived more comfortably under weak and even innocuous governments than under presidents of heroic dimensions. For instance, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Hoover and Franklin D. were presidents during wars, panics, civil strife and popular anxiety.

Yet, Chester Arthur, Rutherford B. Hayes, Harding and Coolidge represent good times and prosperity.

The strong men govern us into troubles; the weak men do not govern. So there is no trouble. In a word, a country of our natural wealth and man power, with a generally peaceful population and not much of an army, seems to be able to manage rather well when government limits itself to the barest task of keeping the roads smooth for free action.

The Founding Fathers could not have foreseen this phenomenon but they wove the pattern that made it possible. That pattern is the Constitution. It is a way of life.

III.

Only an optimist can be an anarchist. Most of us know ourselves too well to want to be without government altogether. Most of us know that we would drive on the wrong side of the street if we dared. Most of us are like the fellow who grew famous as a great art critic because whenever he saw a picture, he would shrug his shoulders and say, "Pfui!" The fact is he disliked being bothered. He was not saying "Pfui" to the pictures, but to those who worshipped his judgment. We like opposites and we like quarrels. Many men always take a long shot at a race just to prove the experts wrong.

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With humans like that, you do need government. So we set them up. But usually, after a government is set up, it takes itself too seriously. It wants to do some strong governing. Now, that is a mistake. Man wants government, so he can have someone to put out a fire; but he dreads a government which also burns down his house.

Ours has been a good government because on the whole it has not bothered the people much. Ask yourself:

Who is your Senator? Who is your Congressman? Who was Theodore Roosevelt's Vice-President? What is the name of the Treasurer of the United States? How many electoral votes does your state have and why?

You don't know. You cannot answer most of these questions. Exactly what difference would it make if you could answer them? Would it affect your judgment on a single vital political problem? Would it make any difference to the United States?

The other night, listening to the radio, I heard a fellow who was working for a shaving cream company pick some customers off the street corners and ask them questions. He asked one:

"How old must a man be to be President of the United States?"

"It isn't a question of age," he replied positively. "It's a matter of experience."

Now that fellow probably never read the Constitution of the United States, but he would fight to maintain it. Its words leave no mark on his memory; but its symbolism is his expression of all that he believes government should be. It is his ideal of a free life in a governed world. He may never have heard of John Marshall. He may confuse him with the author of the joke about the nickel cigar—do you know that one?

Government with Americans has usually been like water off a duck's back. In spite of corruption, it has not been an expensive enterprise until the Great War. The price we paid for professional politicians has not been as great as the price we pay for Hollywood young ladies and radio crooners. It all came easy. And yet, we had all the government we required.

Now what is to happen? Nobody can be sure. The clouds of leadership are rolling over European and Asiatic skies. They are rolling our way perhaps. We may be deluged with competence and efficiency. We may forsake our fetish of the Constitution and adopt the fetish of the strong man. Or we may go on in our blithe manner, forgetting about government except once every four years when we gorge ourselves with excitement.

And is there not this to be thankful for, that every four years we get so excited over an election that we forget what it is all about? It is like the fellow, laughing uproariously at his own joke, who forgets what the joke was.

—GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Mr. Sokolsky is a "reformed radical" who has ranged over the politico-philosophical spectrum from a one-time red, through parlor pink, to a now almost-royalist-purple of conservatism.

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HOW TO TALK MUSIC

IT MIGHT BE BETTER NOT TO, BUT EVEN A BEAUTY DAREN'T BE DUMB

I AM going to suppose that you are a young woman at a dinner party. Your neighbor, it seems, is interested in music—about which you know nothing. What are you to say to him?

(1) Don't say you like Bach. Bach is one of the—possibly the very greatest of all composers. But just now he is also the fashion. Musical people like him, but unmusical people know they ought to like him; unless you can back up your statement with specific Bach works, your neighbor may merely set you down as a humbug.

(2) Don't say you like the César Franck *Symphony* (if you know anything else by Franck, you know enough not to need this advice). Fifteen years ago Franck was just the thing, but now his stock has sunk very low. You would almost be better off with Tchaikovsky.

(3) Don't say you like Wagner. He is so popular with people who are incapable of liking anything else that liking him gets you nowhere. Your neighbor has heard all he ever wants to hear about Wagner.

(4) The same applies to Chopin. Your neighbor may admire Chopin, but he suspects—probably correctly—that you have never got beyond Chopin, and that your knowledge of Chopin is confined to his easier and more sentimental numbers which you play yourself.

(5) Don't say you like Sibelius. You are just two years too late. Everybody likes him now.

(6) Or Brahms. You are twenty years too late.

(7) Don't say you like Berlioz. At first sight, this might seem a good idea. Berlioz' following is still small, and at the same time it is growing; his stock has gone up as much during the last fifteen years as Franck's has gone down. But his name will precipitate a controversy, for which you are probably ill-equipped. Either your neighbor dislikes Berlioz, in which case he dislikes him very much indeed and will demolish you. Or else he admires him equally violently, is conscious of some reputation as a nuisance on the subject and suspects you of pulling his leg.

(8) The same applies, somewhat, to Liszt. Here the controversial aspect is

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not so great, but you will have to be even more specific. There are works by Liszt that may interest your neighbor profoundly, but *Liebestraum* is not one of them.

(9) Don't say you like outlandish composers, like Prokoviev, Hindemith, Milhaud, Berg, etc. This will only irritate your neighbor. This goes for very old as well as very new composers; don't say you like Monteverde, Schütz, Vittoria, Josquin des Près. A few standard figures like Purcell and Palestrina, or Morley, may be ventured upon; but it will sound suspicious unless you have sung their works in a choral society and that again will annoy your neighbor, for everybody hates choral singers.

Whom *are* you to like, then?

You have got to find a composer whose stock is high, but not too high, who is not too well-known, not too little-known—best of all, whose stock is rising, but not too fast. Mozart is not bad. But there, again—it will sound as if you wanted to display a refined taste. So many people find him "tinkly"—you wish to seem above all that. How about Beethoven? Better not—unless you mean to talk about his very early works or his very late ones. And by "early works" I do not mean the *Variations* you studied at school. But he is better, far better, than Bach. You will be thought honest, which is something.

Haydn is better than Mozart or Beethoven. He is not so talked about; it will look as if you thought *that* one up for yourself. Handel is better still. If there is merely one song, or one instrumental number of his that you can trot out, you will win your neighbor's heart. And he won't ask you many questions; he will want to do all the talking; the "simplicity" of Handel is all in your favor—as a Handel-lover you are supposed to be rather Arcadian, not too erudite. Handel, of course, ideally fulfills the condition of a composer whose stock is going up, but not too fast.

But best of all, perhaps, is Schubert. Twenty years ago he would have got you nowhere; he was considered very naïve. But now he has suddenly become the *provenance* of the intellectual. At the same time he is a regular Nineteenth Century Romantic, the kind of person you should be considered capable of genuinely liking. Schubert is the sort of composer whom a "naturally musical" person should take to. Your neighbor will, once again, be glad to do all the talking. Of course I need not warn you against plunging in with the *Unfinished Symphony;* you will have to do better than that. There are the songs. Or you can say you've heard "one or two lovely *String Quartets*." That will be enough —for some reason you do not have to specify quartets as much as symphonies. Apropos—whatever you do, don't say, "some lovely symphonies." It sounds bad with any composer but it spells disaster with Schubert, because only two of his symphonies do him any justice. Avoid his sonatas.

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They have been magically resurrected by Schnabel, but you won't be supposed to know that. If *you* talk about them, your neighbor will think that you are probably talking about that dull *Opus 42 in A Minor* which you used to play at school.

But on the whole, you can't do better than Schubert. Only don't say Schumann. Schumann—with some people—gets you much further than Chopin; he is less of a cliché. But his stock took a sensational plunge just after the war. It seems to have come to rest now—in fact there are faint signs of its rising once more—but it is still very low. Many people get as savage about him as about Tchaikovsky.

I would almost suggest Mendelssohn. Twenty years ago you would have been demolished for mentioning him, but now he is going up. Still, he won't get you much more than a reputation for honesty. Moussorgsky, by the way, is still a good bet though you can no longer make an effect with him. But as a great "naturalistic" or "primitive" composer he need not necessarily be considered over your head, and you will get credit for instinctive soundness. I need hardly warn you against mentioning any other member of the Russian School. Stravinsky will only land you in a discussion as to whether you like his late or early manner, while the mention of Rimsky-Korsakov will do you more damage than Franck and Tchaikovsky rolled into one.

Perhaps you had better avoid the composers altogether and stick to the performers; it is what most people do. About performers you can be conveniently vague. But why not carry the war into your neighbor's country? It is easier than it looks, for, believe me, he has *doubts*.

There is the question of Descriptive Music. Tell him you feel rather muddled over it all. Every piece of music is supposed to have its mood; this piece is famous for its gaiety, that piece for its sadness. But then what about the Silent Movies? Why did Siegfried's forge-music, long rated the soul of youthful ardor, sound so devilish when it was used for the entrance of Battling Burrows in *Broken Blossoms?* (I believe it was Landon Ronald who made the selection; anyway, it was a stroke of genius.) And the overture to *La Gazza Ladra;* that cheerful little number was an absolute nailer for serials—they used to play it when the heroine was locked up in a cage full of lions. End of Episode 12. And what about your childhood experiences of reading a book while music was going on?—the music always sounded like the story. Doesn't it look as if *any* music would serve to illustrate a situation?

Your neighbor will feel as if a goose had walked over his grave when you remind him of this awkward question which makes him wonder two or three days in the week whether the pathos of Dido, the madness of Boris, the dignified good humor of the

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Meistersingers, are anything but an illusion based on our knowledge of the story.

Or there is the question of Old Music. Tell your neighbor that you sometimes wonder in your artless Japanese way whether some of this old music, around Bach's time and earlier, wouldn't be rather easy to imitate.

The answer to this is, of course, that any competent musician today can turn out this music by the yard, both the "thoroughbass" kind of Bach and Handel's time, or the "modal" kind of two centuries earlier. There is nothing to it. This doesn't mean that he could write a *Brandenburg Concerto*, a *Nightingale Chorus* or a *Marcellus Mass Benedictus*. But what worries your neighbor is that he knows only too well that apart from his genuinely musical pleasure in such works as these, he enjoys the more pedestrian stuff of these earlier periods *too*—the kind which can be imitated. There is something in the nature of a magic formula about the thoroughbass period, particularly; even the bad music sounds well, and so would an imitation. Your neighbor, at these times, is enjoying himself not musically but on a mere basis of sound—and is miserably aware that this is a probable ingredient in his liking for the greater pieces too.

By this time he ought to be bowed down under a weight of introspection, but if he wants more punishment you can try him with this: "Isn't it difficult to admit to oneself a favorite composer's dull moments? I mean a *new* favorite."

We all admit the weak spots in our old favorites like Beethoven and Brahms. But with someone we have recently discovered it isn't quite the same thing. We don't mean to be dishonest. But in getting to like a new composer we have had to make certain efforts, and these efforts have become a habit. We keep on adjusting our angle, with consummate agility, to all those places in his music that are still unattractive; they are "part of his style"—it is quite an alluring game, this jumping around and adjusting, and sets us up with ourselves, till all of a sudden the terrible word "pose" whispers at our ear.

This usually happens when we realize that for a whole month we have been liking everything of his we've listened to—which is absurd. Is all our liking of him just a sham? By and by we get one of the old thrills that started us off on him, before we took to all this adjusting, and then we cheer up a little.

Then always the same doubt returns: Who am I humbugging myself about now? In fact, the whole question of The Taste of the Time should be enough to spoil your neighbor's dinner. Those composers he thought so highly of twenty years ago—is he really so very much wiser now? Does he enjoy music more than then, or as much? You might settle the question by asking him: "Don't you really hate music?"

—PHILIP BARR

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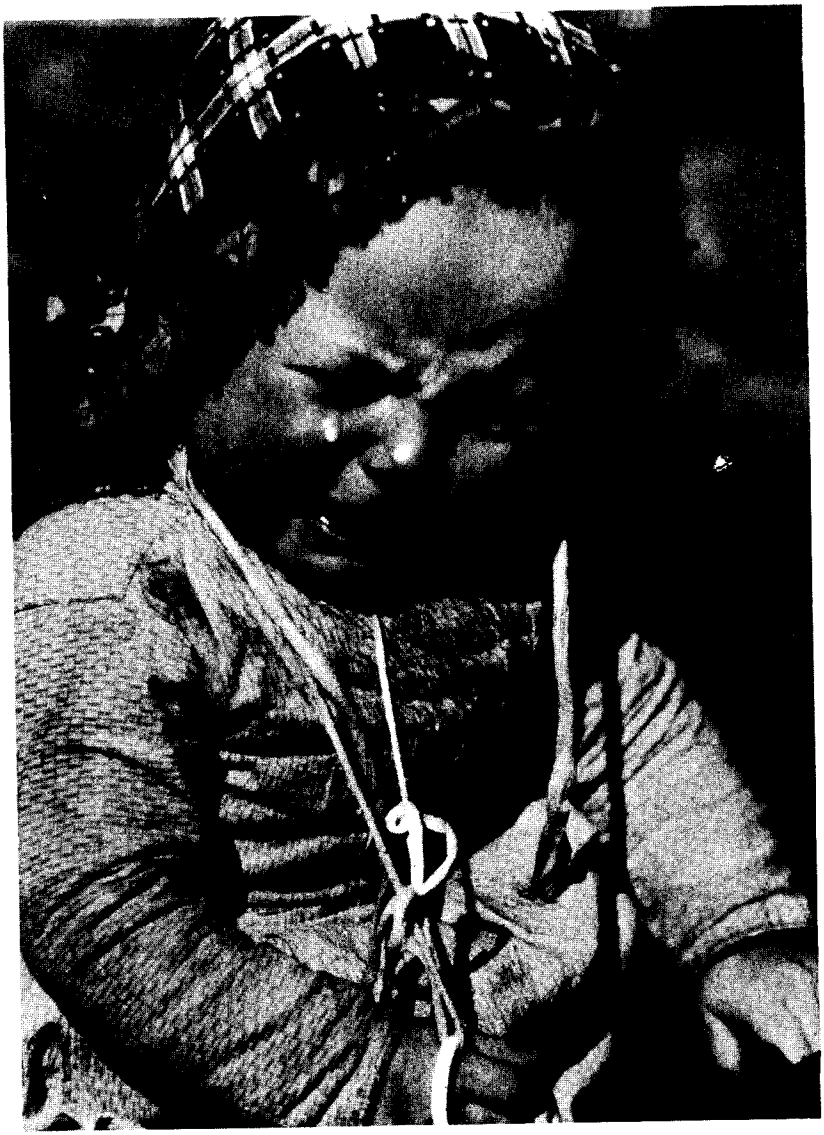

ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

TROUBLE

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ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

JOY

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ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

GUILT

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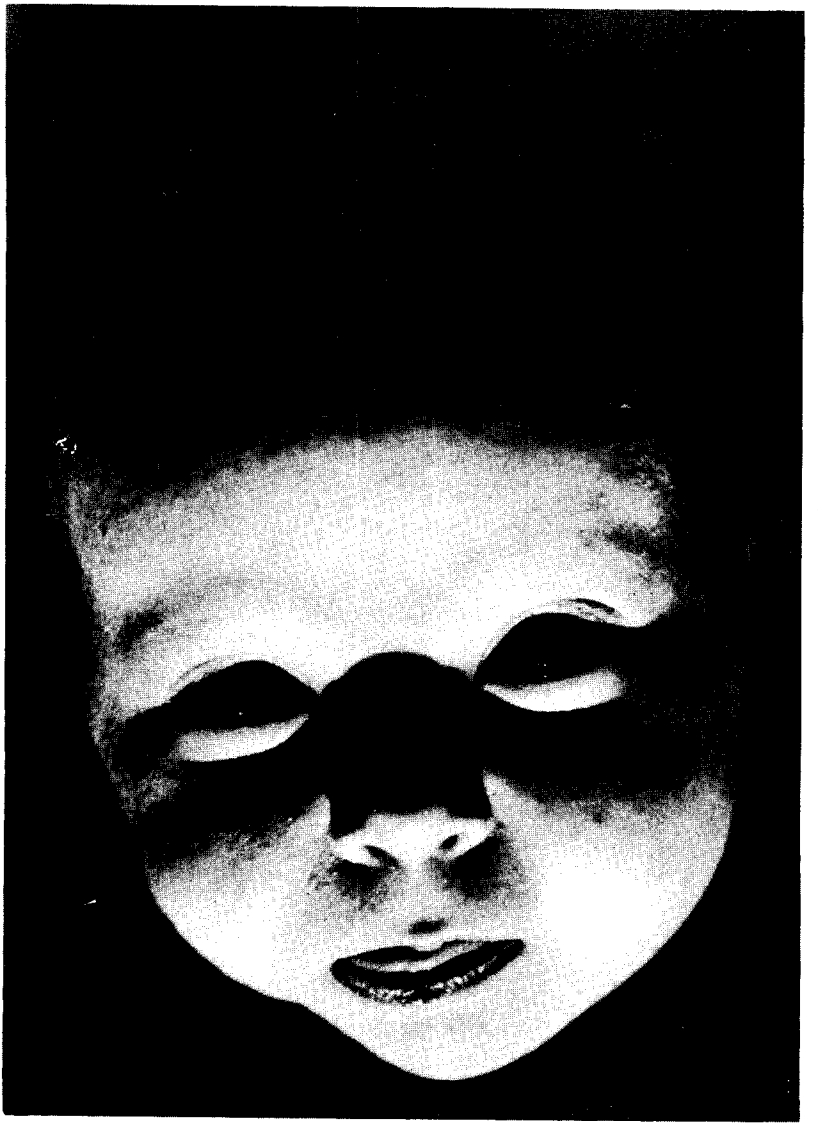

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

ATTENTION

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JOHN BARRY

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

COMPOSITE

CORONET

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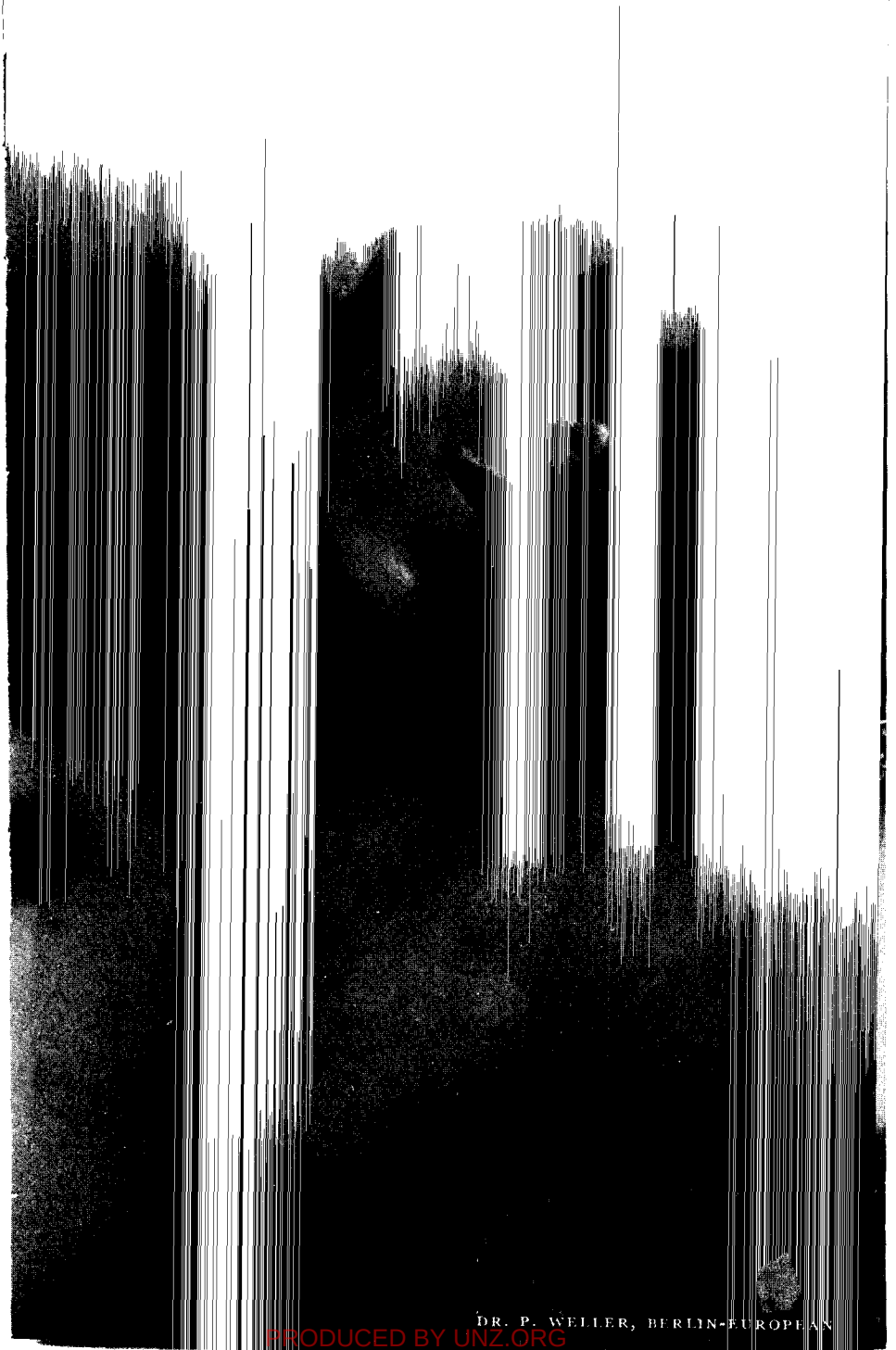

DR. P. WELLER, BERLIN-EUROPEAN

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F. ASZMANN

EUROPEAN PHOTO

THE CAUSE

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WESTELIN CHICAGO

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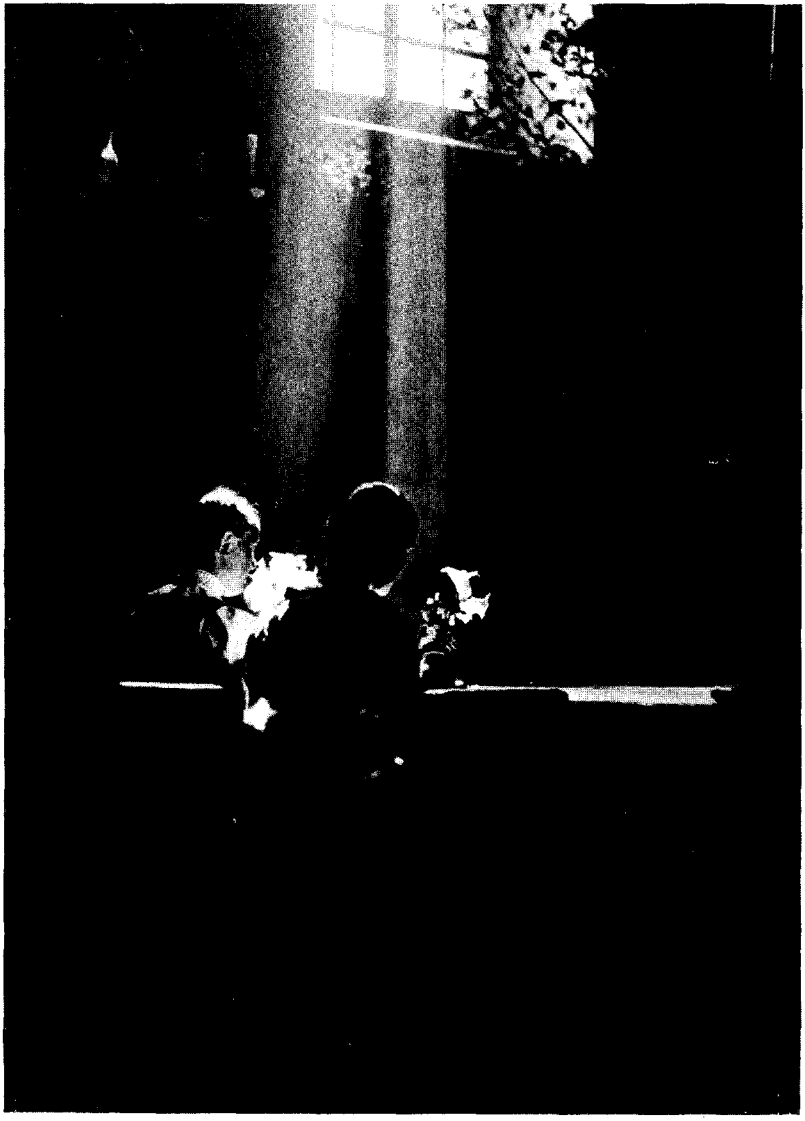

KÁROLY KLETZ MISKOLC, HUNGARY

PRAYING GIRLS

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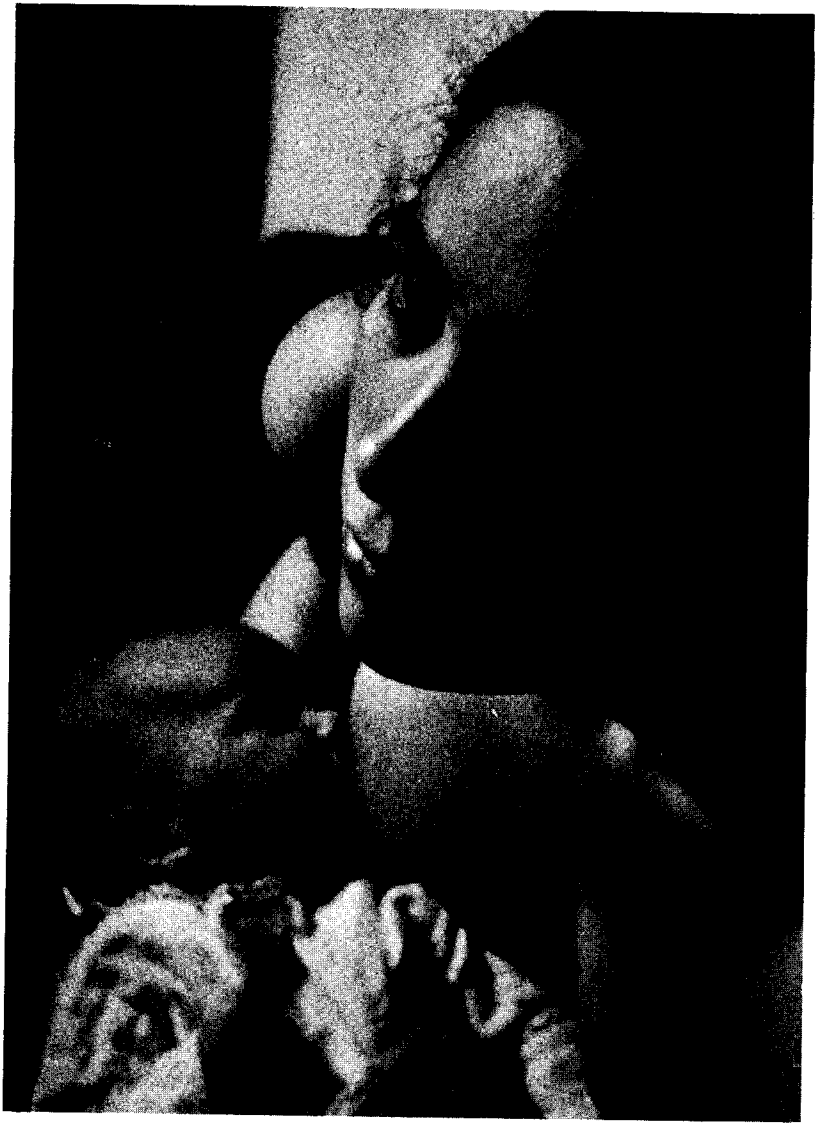

ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

NURSING MOTHER

MARCH, 1937

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FRANC BASELJ — LJUBLJANA, *JUGO-SLAVIA*

MORNING LIGHT

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HEINZ VON PERCKHAMMER EUROPEAN PHOTO

MORNING BATH

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HEINZ VON PERCKHAMMER EUROPEAN PHOTO

FIRST SIP

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FRED MORNITZ BUDAPEST

SAILOR ASHORE

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ME AND RODIN: A MEMOIR

ABOUT THE STATUE THAT GREW, LIKE OAK FROM ACORN, OUT OF A DOUGHNUT

Frank Scully states that he was the author of the greater part of Frank Harris' biography of Bernard Shaw. Scully was ghosting for Harris, and he tells us that he completed the biography after Harris had turned in an almost worthless sixty-five page script—The New York Times.

SINCE Mr. Scully has broken a ghost's sworn silence, I might as well relate some dirt myself. In fact, it's fairly historic mire as it deals with none other than Rodin. And my participation in one of the sculptor's masterpieces was far more complete than that claimed by Mr. Scully in the case of Frank Harris. It was not the usual "collaboration" of the ghost at all. But I'd better get to the point.

In a manner of speaking, *The Thinker* was my handiwork—not Rodin's, although The Master suggested the idea one afternoon when we were taking snuff in his gardens at Meudon. Now that that's established to everyone's satisfaction, and the hoax can be cabled to newspapers throughout the world, I will explain the circumstances. I believe it is still entirely clear in my mind—even if the incident occurred about 1889, or maybe it was 1912; but Gus himself was slightly confused about it afterward, and wondered why he received all the credit in place of me. (I always called The Master "Gus," instead of Auguste, as we were fairly intimate, and used to borrow each other's garters when he had any; for his part, he would call me "my old one," which Rodin absurdly translated into *mon vieux*, just as his affected way of calling my statue *Le penseur*, instead of *The Thinker*—but you have to make allowances for the French.)

As I say, Rodin and I were seated in the garden, and The Master was berating certain Paris art-critics who held that his *The Kiss* was over-sexed, even for France. The sculptor was shouting partly because he was exercised, but mainly because he was recovering from an attack of mumps and thought everyone slightly deaf, as he was himself at the time. In view of his convalescence, I felt perhaps the old gentleman was overdoing the snuff, and to divert his mind from it (and the critics) I proffered an overseas delicacy I had brought from a Coffee Pot on Union Square. Oddly enough, for a Frenchman, The Mas-

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ter was inordinately fond of this American *pâtisserie*.

"Have the sinker, Gus?" I asked, in the way of friendship. I pronounced it *zink-kaire*, of course, so that he would comprehend.

The Master cupped a hand to ear as he took the savoury, and hooted, "Did you say '*The Thinker*,' *mon vieux?*"

To the best of my knowledge, I returned the contemporary equivalent of let's-skip-it. But evidently Gus felt pettish that memorable afternoon, for he would not be sidetracked.

"*The Thinker*," he mused in his beard, swallowing the doughnut and reaching for the snuff again. "*Parbleu! Magnifique! Formidable et épatant!*" (For the benefit of readers who may not understand purist French, I should explain that the sense of the foregoing line is that Rodin thought the idea was the nuts. That idea, of course, was another masterpiece to be named *The Thinker*, although my reference had been clearly to the *sinker*, or doughnut, not to sculpture. It was quite understandable for Rodin to mistake my meaning because the French have trouble differentiating between the "th" and "s" sounds.)

I really felt sorry for him, and a bit guilty for upsetting The Master by my trivial gift of American pastry, however innocent my intentions had been. The doughnut, you might say, was meant solely as a token of the esteem in which I held the French sculptor, and God knows I didn't want to worry him, particularly as his ears were still sore. It was true, moreover, that The Master then had not time to undertake a new statue, such as *The Thinker*. Accordingly, it was incumbent upon me, who was responsible for this vexatious *contre-temps*, to find a way out of the difficulty. I cudgeled my brains.

I cerebrate most effectively when seated with my chin resting on my right fist, and it was in this posture that I tackled the problem how to create the statue for Gus in the shortest space of time. Brusquely, The Master broke into my meditations.

"*Tiens! Alors! Zut! Diable!*" he shouted, in the prolix French way of saying Jeese. "*Mon vieux*, yours is the perfect position. Rest tranquilly while I sketch it."

It is not easy to rest tranquilly for any length of time in my cudgeling stance, but since after all it was the great Rodin, I entered no protest and suffered until he completed a rough sketch (now in the possession of the Fine Arts Museum of Illiopolis, Illinois). As I look back, I must say it was an extraordinary *tour de force;* even a mental defective could have recognized the likeness of the sculptor's rough draft of *The Thinker* to myself, although I was wearing a dinner-jacket at the time, and was not in the nude, as the statue eventually appeared. But I refrained from pointing out this discrepancy to The Master, who frowned upon quibbling.

And in a flash the solution came to me in that sun-dappled garden

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above the Seine. Since The Master was manifestly fired both with the idea of *The Thinker*, and with the cogitative pose I had assumed unwittingly, why not make a plaster-cast of me?

"Gus," I exclaimed, *sotto-voce*, "I've got it! You know, you've nothing very hot to submit next month to the Salon. Regard: we'll go into the atelier right now, and you cover me over with plaster as *The Thinker*. Just leave the bottom open so I can drop out when it dries. You can cast it later, or do a copy of me in marble for posterity—"

The Master fell into a contemplative torpor for fifteen minutes, evidently considering the practicality of this proposal. Then he arose and turned to me—there was a suspicion of grateful moisture about his eyes.

"How's for removing them habiliments?" he asked me, evenly. The Master could be very ingratiating when it served his purpose, and not always grammatical neither.

"You mean my *smoking?*" I protested. "But surely, Gus—not in the *altogether!*"

Rodin nodded his shaggy head. The fellow was implacable.

In the vast studio, The Master seated me on a kitchen chair, high on a platform, and obligingly I took up my former pose, chin on right fist, the right elbow resting on the left thigh. I confess I was embarrassed over my nakedness, fearing that Madame Rodin, or some of the female retainers about the place, might burst upon the scene. I was also cold, as you may suppose, and to forget my discomfort I tried to cerebrate earnestly—there were, indeed, several urgent matters to think through, such as where-in-hell I might raise steerage fare back to New York. But when Gus and his two apprentices (Pierre-François-Marie-René Thibault and his second cousin, Jean-Gustave-Anatole-Georges Chazarin; they came from an abattoir near Avignon, I believe, and had done their military service in French Indo-China, very amiable chaps)—when, as I say, they began sousing me with buckets of clammy plaster, perched aloft on stepladders, I found myself unable to concentrate at all.

In justice to Gus's humanity, I must say he was not one of your callous, preoccupied artists that afternoon. Throughout the ordeal, I was kept alive with Pernod, siphoned to me inside the hardening cast by a segment of garden hose. At length the famed creation was finished, and I fell out of the small opening below—more drunk than alive. The rest, you recall, is history.

* * *

I fear that connoisseurs may be dismayed at the revelation in this belated memoir that *The Thinker* had its origin, as it were, in a sinker I brought Monsieur Rodin from Union Square in New York City. But I feel also that the truth, however monstrous, is no disservice to Art.

—LAMAR MIDDLETON

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SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

MAJOR ALFRED REDL: FOURTH IN A GALLERY OF ROGUES' PORTRAITURE

THE palatial and isolated mansion in an exclusive residential district of Vienna, but a few minutes' ride from the heart of the city, was always admired for its beautiful architecture in the style of the Italian Renaissance. It was believed to be the home of a wealthy but retiring bachelor who was seldom seen even by his nearest neighbor.

This peaceful haven was the perfect setting for the subdued activities which took place within its classic walls. Only a few of the visitors who called there from time to time were aware that this was really the *Kundschafts Stelle des Evidenzbureau*, the headquarters of the Austrian espionage and counter-espionage bureau, usually referred to by its initials as the K.S.

These twin responsibilities of the K.S. were so interwoven as to be almost inseparable. While the function of its espionage service was to secure the state secrets of other powers, that of its counter-espionage section was to prevent foreign spies, engaged in the same task, from obtaining its own state secrets. These vital and delicate activities radiated over an intricate and far-reaching web out of the innocent appearing K.S. headquarters.

It is an early afternoon of March, 1900. Within one of the rooms of this sumptuous villa the wealthy but retiring bachelor is urging several men to complete their tasks, for there is important business at hand. A rehearsal is about to take place. They are to go through the motions of interviewing a "foreign spy" so as to give a final test to some of the concealed devices which have been newly installed in the residence.

The man who is directing the rehearsal is the recently appointed chief of the K.S., the astute and dynamic Major Alfred Redl, some of whose more subtle ideas are now about to be tested. One of his lieutenants is sitting before a luxurious, hand-carved walnut desk, officiating as the interviewing chief, while the Major himself, like a stage director, sits observingly in a far corner of the room.

At a given signal another lieutenant, impersonating a foreign spy, quietly opens the portal-like door and enters the room. At this, the first de-

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vice, a chronometric instrument concealed within a large pendulum clock standing against a paneled wall, records the exact minute and second the door was opened. The "spy" is next invited to be seated upon a massive brocaded chair near the desk. The second, third, and fourth devices start into action. As the man dips his body into the comfortable chair, a meter hidden in the upholstery records his exact weight, while simultaneously, two special photographic shutters artfully concealed within a pair of bronze statues click silently and seal his picture in full face and profile. A few polite remarks follow, then the interviewer rises, walks to the antique Chinese lacquer cabinet near the desk, takes out a liqueur set and deliberately leaves the cabinet shutters open. With the serving of an exotic drink, a few more casual remarks are exchanged, which in turn are quietly recorded upon a wax phonographic plate revolving within the Chinese chest.

The considerate host next seeks to engage the interest of his guest, the "spy," in an exquisite set of finely carved ivory chessmen which have been diligently treated with an impalpable preparation, and upon which, in examining them, the accommodating visitor innocently but indelibly fixes his finger-prints.

The rehearsed interview is about over. The guest takes his leave and as he is shown through the door, the chronometric device records the exact minute and second of his departure.

The rehearsal was most satisfactory, for the "spy" had left behind him a train of clues as apparent as the tail of Halley's Comet. Major Redl was ready to proceed with the new equipment.

It was from this point that the Major, as a wealthy bachelor and under a fictitious name, entertained a number of foreign spies whose inevitable downfall began with their entrance into this salon of hidden gadgets. But these were only trifling details of his fabulous technique in which he also trained his men. There was no phase of counter-espionage in which he did not have complete command of every possibility.

In his untiring studies in human reactions he turned to his advantage even such apparently irrelevant subjects as child psychology. In the process of cornering a reputed Russian spy, the esteemed Major von Wienckowski of the Austrian Army, Redl encountered exasperating difficulties in securing the incriminating documents known to be in the possession of the suspect. But armed with his uncanny technique, Major Redl proceeded to solve the problem.

While his men were unsuccessfully searching the library in the home of the suspected officer, Redl in the adjoining sitting room was nonchalantly engaging Wienckowski's six year old daughter in playful conversation.

For a few minutes Redl and the child played some games together and

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exchanged riddles. The child showed unusual intelligence and charm, for which she enjoyed being complimented by her new friend. Then Redl proceeded:

"Would you like me to tell you a funny story about some midget spooks?"

"Please," she beamed.

"But first we must find a little hiding place where we can lock them up at the end. Do you know any?"

"Oh, sure. I know a good one. My daddy keeps things there too."

So taking him by the hand she led him on tip-toes across the room and pointed impishly to a secret compartment craftily concealed in the tea table. And it was on the strength of the eagerly sought documents which Redl discovered there that the child's father, soon after, was sentenced to a term of seven and a half years at hard labor.

Such strokes were not uncommon in the course of Redl's career as the head of the K.S. The sustained effectiveness of his methods and his unfaltering precision of execution created in the minds of his subordinates an admiration little less than worship. To them he was perfection in itself, a god of infallibility, and each vied with his comrades in strained emulation of the chief. Often, in discussing and considering plans among themselves, they would be heard to say: "How would Major Redl go about this?", or "The Major would certainly know the right answer to that." The constant desire to attain that highest degree of excellence, possessed by their commandant, spurred them to progress to what became one of the most efficient spy-trapping corps known throughout Europe.

But Major Redl was above all expressions of admiration and flattery and never permitted even the sincerest eulogies to becloud his alert mind. Away from his official duties, however, little or nothing was known of his private life, which was as a closed book. His bachelorhood and his lack of interest in the winsome Viennese belles were merely regarded as the idiosyncracies of one who was under a constant nervous tension. Not until his death, when a number of unexpected articles which he had left behind in his flat were discovered, was his intimate life revealed. There were found various kinds of incense and expensive perfumes, pomades, lotions, rouges, hair curlers, silk kimonos and several packets of delicately-scented billets-doux, which he had jealously preserved and now bore mute witness to his life-long secret.

What a fantastic double life was revealed! From these very endearing letters it is tangibly apparent that Redl always had to have on hand an abundance of funds far in excess of that which his income as an officer could afford him. He had been spurred by an insatiable urge to offer money to the senders of these letters and to shower them with very valuable gifts. This constant and urgent

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need for large sums of ready capital resulted in the inevitable breaking down of his military integrity. And when a confidential transaction with a high Russian official, netting him a sum many times his salary, came within his grasp, he yielded, after considerable calculation, to the beguiling temptation and sold his country down the Volga River. Over the course of ten years Redl provided Russia with a steady stream of valuable secrets involving the most vital military plans of his government, which he himself was entrusted to safeguard, resulting in the complete undermining of the entire Austrian military strategy.

But this backhanded arrangement in no way interfered with the apparent efficiency of his counter-espionage department. On the contrary it elevated his name to greater fame, for besides the fabulous sums he received for the sale of Austria's military secrets, he also insisted that the Russians betray to him, for extra measure, the names of several of their own spies operating in Austria, whose prompt convictions he brought about and used to bolster his standing in the eyes of his own government.

Redl's mounting reputation as an infallible spy-catcher excited the admiration of Field Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorff, Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian military forces, who, realizing that a higher and much more responsible post was due Major Redl, deliberated with the High Command and then dropped in his lap a promotion to the rank of Colonel with the added authority of the post of Chief-of-Staff of the Eighth Army Corps. With this appointment Colonel Redl took up his new and even more significant duties in Prague, at that time a part of Austria, where he continued to make an extra carbon copy for foreign consumption of every military plan which he was now helping to create and develop.

But in his old office at the K.S. in Vienna, the men he had left behind felt as desolated at his departure as a congregation without its beloved minister.

No one could replace him for his matchless ingenuity and inspiring leadership.

In the course of the following eight years the staff of the K.S. had frequent occasions to miss their old director more and more. Preparations for the war which was to break out in 1914 were known to be under way all over Europe. Despite the most tireless efforts of the K.S., somehow, an increasing wave of enemy espionage was getting the advantage over them. They could not explain nor even find a clew to the mysterious manner in which an ever-growing number of secret plans kept disappearing from the offices of the War Department. Drastic measures had to be put into effect without delay. To begin with it was decided to open all incoming foreign mail which aroused the slightest suspicion, but except for a few

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carefully selected members of the K.S., no one knew what was to take place or why. Carefully and diligently letters were opened, examined and resealed. For months this anxious perusal of the mails went on without the slightest result.

And then on an early March day of 1913 the officials of the K.S. opened two registered letters bearing German postage stamps which had been received at the Vienna postoffice, cryptically addressed: "Opera Ball 13, General Delivery, Central Postoffice, Vienna." Inside they found 14,000 kronen in cash ($2,800) without a single word of direction or explanation. The letters bore the postmark of Eydtkuhnen, a village on the German-Russian border. The curiosity of the secret agents was aroused in the identity of the anonymous person who was receiving such a large sum through this unusual medium, and immediately they concentrated all their energies in tracing him down.

An electric wire was installed, leading from the general delivery pigeonhole in which the notice for the registered letters in the post office rested, to a police station nearby where it was attached to a bell. The clerk was instructed that when anyone came to claim the two registered "Opera Ball 13's," he was to press the button concealed in the pigeonhole and proceed, with as much delay as possible, with the formalities of having the receipt signed and handing over the letters. Two K.S. operatives were assigned to wait for the bell to ring and then dash out and arrest the person calling for the letters.

Days passed and then weeks, but "Opera Ball 13" remained undisturbed in the post office. March gave way to April and April to May and still no one asked for the letters containing all that money.

On Saturday, May 24, at half past five in the afternoon, after a silence of eighty-three days, the signal bell in the police station began to ring wildly. But the men assigned to answer the alarm were not at their post at the moment. One was washing his hands, the other was downstairs at lunch. By the time they found each other and dashed to the post office, their quarry had already entered a cab which was seen speeding away. They managed, however, to catch the license number of the car but not another automobile was on the spot in which to give chase.

While the downcast agents walk back to the police station, a taxicab turns the corner and comes toward them. They notice the license number —it is the same cab which had carried off their suspect only twenty minutes before. Excitedly, they whistle, hail the cab and run toward it. The cab stops. It is empty.

"Where did you take your fare from the post office a few minutes ago?"

"To the Kaiserhof Café."

"Take us there at once."

En route, the K.S. men from sheer

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force of habit almost dismantle the interior of the cab. They find a small leather penknife sheath lodged between the cushions, which they examine and keep. They arrive at the Kaiserhof Café but no one is to be seen.

"Of course he took another cab," they surmise.

They dash to the nearest cabstand where an old cabdriver tells them he had seen a gentleman engage a cab a few minutes ago and had overheard the Hotel Klomser named as the destination.

"Then take us there, too," they order as they enter the cab.

At the Klomser they ask the porter excitedly:

"Have you seen who entered the hotel in the last few minutes?"

"Oh yes," the porter responds. "Two gentlemen just drove up in an auto. I think they're Bulgarian merchants."

"Yes, but did a man come here alone in an auto?"

"In an auto? Let me think. Yes, about ten minutes ago Colonel Redl came in. He wasn't in uniform and I'm not sure if he came in an auto."

"Colonel Redl?" the K.S. men exclaim in startled tones, "Colonel Redl in this hotel? How surprising."

To think that the spy they were trailing was stopping in the same hotel with their old chief. Perhaps in the very next room.

But there is no time for idle speculation, so one of the operatives goes to the telephone to report the progress of the chase to headquarters, while the other gives the sheath to the porter to be returned to the guest who might have lost it. The two men remain upon the scene.

A few moments later a uniformed officer comes down into the lobby and returns his room key to the desk.

"Did the Colonel lose the sheath of his penknife?" the porter inquires solicitously.

"Yes," Colonel Redl replies casually, as he reaches for the penknife in his pocket. "Thank you so much. I was just looking for it."

And then he remembers. He had last used his knife to open those "Opera Ball" letters in the cab!

Deliberately, the Colonel looks around the lobby and immediately notices a man scrutinizing the hotel register at the information window a few feet away. He recognizes a bit of the technique of temporizing he himself had taught to the K.S. and realizes with a shock that he has just stepped into the net of the K.S.!

One of the K.S. men hastens to the telephone booth and calls Captain Ronge, chief of the *Kundschafts Stelle*. The Captain is electrified to hear that the damaging clew, the penknife sheath, belongs to Colonel Redl, his former chief—his model, his counselor, his ideal. Incredulously, he dashes to the post office where he secures the form which the recipient of the two "Opera Ball" letters had filled out. Then he returns to his

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office and from his personal files takes out a treasured manuscript written by Colonel Redl himself in long hand entitled: *Ratschläge — Suggestions on Trapping Spies Within and Without the Country*. He opens the document and alongside one of the pages places the signed receipt. The two handwritings are identical.

Meanwhile, Redl has left the hotel and is moving leisurely down the Heerengasse towards the Café Central at the next corner. Apparently unconcerned, he stops for a moment and admires a resplendent and luxurious motor car on display in an automobile show window.

As he is staring in the display window, he sees the reflection of two men moving slowly toward him from across the street, the face of one of whom he remembers. It is the man he had seen perusing the hotel register.

"I must get away from this by all means," he declares to himself. "I must rush back to Prague and to my apartment and destroy some of my papers and those personal letters."

He turns the corner into the Strauchgasse and, in an effort to outwit his pursuers, enters the Old Exchange Building which has exits on two different streets. But the K.S. men are also familiar with the layout of the building and quickly retrace their steps around the corner in time to see Redl coming out through another exit.

At the very same moment the Colonel becomes aware of them too. To further divert their attention he draws from his pocket some papers which he tears to bits and strews behind him as he hurries along. It is an effective trick to fool his pursuers and to gain delay which he had introduced at the K.S. in the old days. But the men do not pause, and without a moment's hesitation follow him to the corner where Redl sees a third man join the others, exchange a few words with them and then proceed to pick up the pieces of paper scattered about in the street. The extra man immediately returns to headquarters with his pickings.

At the *Kundschafts Stelle* the pieces are put together and turn out to be a receipt for a postal money order sent by Redl to a young lieutenant of Uhlans and several letters destined for Brussels, Warsaw and Lausanne, all three addresses being well known to the K.S. as clearing houses for Russian and French espionage. Not the slightest doubt remains that Redl is a traitor to his Fatherland.

With this information Captain Ronge rushes to his immediate superior, General August Urbanski von Ostromiecz, who in turn calls at the residence of Field Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorff, Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Army. The General sends in his card and waits in an adjoining room.

Meanwhile Colonel Redl, still haunted by the shadow from the K.S., is dining in the Riedhof Restaurant with an old friend from Prague,

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Public Prosecutor Dr. Viktor Pollak. Redl has conceived a plan to travel to Prague in the company of his friend who suspects nothing and in whose company, he feels, he would not be troubled by the K.S. men.

Dr. Pollak is alarmed over the distraught condition of Colonel Redl and declares that he will call up a friend to help at once since he himself cannot leave Vienna. The friend happens to be Chief of Police Gayer.

"I am having dinner with Colonel Redl—," Dr. Pollak begins.

"Yes, at the Riedhof," his friend Gayer replies.

'How did you know that?"

"Just by chance. What can I do for you?"

"I am very uneasy for Colonel Redl. He seems to be collapsing from nervous exhaustion and wants me to take him to Prague. Perhaps you can send someone to accompany him there immediately."

"Tonight, it's out of the question. But calm the Colonel and ask him to come directly to me in the morning."

Dr. Pollak could not press the matter any further, and returns to his table where he spends a most depressing evening with Colonel Redl. Finally, at 11:30 he sees the Colonel to his room in the Hotel Klomser and leaves, promising however to return early in the morning.

A few minutes pass. Then comes a sharp knock at Colonel Redl's door.

"Are you back, Viktor?" Redl asks from within.

The door opens. Four officers in full military uniform march into the room. Before they can utter a word, Redl rises and addresses them in a trembling voice:

"I know why you are here . . . My life is at an end . . . You will now ask me if I have any accomplices."

"Yes. Who are they?" one of the officers asks.

"I have none. As to the proofs of my deeds, you will find them in my apartment in Prague."

"Have you a revolver," Redl is asked.

"No. Please, will you hand me yours?"

Silently one of the officers places in his hand a .38 Browning loaded with only a single projectile. Without another word, the four officers file out of the room. The Colonel, after all, was an officer and a gentleman . . .

Perhaps the full extent of Colonel Redl's activities as a betrayer of his country was not fully known until after four years of war, when Count Adalbert von Sternberg, a member of the Austrian Parliament, in summing up the causes for the defeat of the Central Powers, stated:

"Had the Austro-Hungarian Empire not been betrayed by that infamous Redl, and had not the War Ministry been so utterly misled by him as to underestimate the size of the Russian Army before the war by seventy-five divisions, it might have long hesitated before opening hostilities." —Emil Lang

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THE MUZHIK GOES ROUND

AND FOR A VERY SPECIAL TREAT HE TAKES HIS GIRL ON A SUBWAY RIDE

EVERY *other transatlantic boat coming up New York harbor lands a quota of tourists returning from the Soviet Union. They have abolished the foreign-currency stores and so kicked the props from under the bootleg ruble exchange, which is a great change since a year ago. Otherwise* . . . Wonder if they still give you sliced cucumbers in sour cream for breakfast on the Volga steamers? . . . Or if anybody in the Soviet Union has yet learned there is a halfway mark between a raw and a hard-boiled egg? . . . But the pancakes with raspberry jam which sometimes appeared just when all hope was gone did very well indeed . . . So did the magnificent caviar you got for breakfast on the only dining car we found in Russia . . .

The little Intourist guide, who was the prettiest girl we encountered in the whole country, probably still retails four-barreled French puns to her clients . . . She had a weak heart and a boy-friend in Moscow and cried like sixty when she had to take a job-lot of American *bourzhui* down into the Caucasus and back . . . It's a pity that the Soviet government said no when a group of American college professors offered to pay all her expenses on a year of travel and study in the United States . . . She was justifiably proud of both her English and her French, yet she'd never been outside Russia—and probably never will be . . .

Wonder how the two engineers being sent to Glasgow to study industrial techniques made out without knowing any English? . . . Or rather all they knew was: "Geev me som cabbage-soup" . . . Fat chance of cabbage-soup *à la Russe* in Glasgow . . . One of them came from the Ukraine, where the sound of the letter G doesn't exist. We got him so he could pronounce nah-eef and spoon recognizably, but "glass" was always "halass" . . . It sounded very sorrowful . . . He was best appreciated when doing his pet dance for the passengers and deckhands assembled on the forward deck of the Sovtorg boat down the Baltic . . .

The gray-mustached old bartender at the Metropole in Moscow probably makes a Russky gin cocktail as well as ever . . . Domestic gin, domestic

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vodka, a dash of domestic Cointreau —shake well and drop in a preserved bitter cherry along with a little of its juice . . . The best drink in the Soviet Union . . . Unless you like that 130-proof vodka, which they said was a specific against dysentery . . .

Perhaps they've got round to taking down the imperial eagles which still adorned the pinnacles of the Kremlin . . . But I bet they still bar tourists from the Kremlin. It was the Kirov assassination which made them put on the lid to begin with . . . If there was anything at all in the recent Kamenev-Zinoviev conspiracy, you probably have to get special permission to walk through the Red Square . . . That ruling last year was tough on Paxton Hibben and John Reed. No pilgrims to their graves, which are under the Kremlin wall . . . Lenin's mummy wasn't receiving either last summer. There were rumors, never confirmed, that the embalming job had begun to come apart . . . The official story was that the tomb was being repaired . . .

The old-time doorman at the Astoria in Leningrad, with his long beard and his cringing, wheedling bow and salute, was the finest pre-revolutionary stage prop in the Soviet Union . . . That smile and cringe of his made you sick at your stomach . . . Wonder if the brand-new Tourist Hotel in Gorki has fallen completely apart yet? The plaster was coming off in wads and the locks were sticking last summer before the place was quite finished . . . By this time, very likely, the last vestige of private enterprise in the Soviet Union has disappeared in the collectivization of the boot-blacking business . . . There were no bootblacks visible in Leningrad anyway. But Moscow had at least two, one a girl who looked as if she was made up for a stage-tenement waif . . . Maybe Leningrad was too melancholy to support a bootblack. People there looked far gloomier than those in Moscow . . . And Rostov was miles more cheerful than Moscow. It seemed to be a matter of how far south you were . . .

The Moscow policemen are probably tougher than ever about jaywalking . . . Orders is orders, even if there isn't a moving vehicle visible for half a mile in both directions . . . If they've reduced the fare on the new Moscow subway far enough, maybe the workers can ride in it regularly . . . It used to cost half a ruble a whack, say a tenth of the average day's pay. Young fellows and their girl-friends would go for a subway-ride as a big treat . . .

Maybe somebody has wised up the Intourist guide in Rostov who, having had a job for a while in a New England town, told us that America didn't have any big farms like these —American farms were all little fields full of rocks and wouldn't grow anything . . . Red-minded tourists probably still flock round the first Red Army soldier they see at the frontier like kids round Santa Claus in a de-

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partment store . . . The man in the street very likely still wears rubber bathing-sandals in summer because he can't afford shoes except in winter . . . Somebody must have strangled the Intourist manager in Leningrad before this . . . But it's unlikely that the staff on the Sovtorg Baltic boat have yet found the wrench for tightening the screws on the port-hole covers.

Our stateroom was an inch deep in salt water by the time the seas stopped slopping in the crack . . . But make no mistake—those neat little Baltic steamers with red stars on their funnels are the best detail in the whole Soviet Union . . .

Wonder how many more pictures of Stalin have been put up since this summer's workout for the firing-squads? . . . The most impressive used to be the portrait done in flowers on a slanting bed of earth in the Park of Culture and Rest in Moscow . . . It didn't look much like Stalin, but you knew it couldn't be anybody else . . .

It's too bad the Soviet Union has made divorce a court-action. The ZAGS (hair-trigger marriage- and divorce-bureaus) were a first-rate tourist attraction . . . Not that tourists could legally make use of them, but it was fascinating to watch . . . Remember the two-column editorial in the Moscow *Daily News* (Communist house organ published in English) indignantly denying the rumors that the divorce laws were to be stiffened up? . . . It said the classless society would never dream of compromising and conservatizing in this direction. That was about six weeks before the stiffening was officially announced . . .

Our American-bred GPU spy, assigned to mix with the tourists and see how they took things, probably did well by himself again this summer . . . He must lick his chops all winter waiting for the tourist season and a chance to cadge tourist meals . . . Too dumb to be a logical spy, of course, but there was no other way to account for such facts as that he turned up at our hotel within half an hour of our return to Moscow, which took place three days ahead of schedule . . . Confirmation came along in due time . . . Wonder if his domestic affairs are straightened out yet. He didn't like his second wife much because she was too fussy about fleas —used to get up and hunt them when they bit her in the night . . . His first wife had suited him better. That is, till he went round to ZAGS and divorced her, to teach her a lesson when they'd had a quarrel, he said, and she took it seriously and moved out and never could be persuaded to come back . . . The middle-aged ladies in our party liked him fine. They said he was such a nice, clean looking boy . . .

They must have changed the tablecloths in the outdoor restaurant in Rostov since last season . . . The jazz-band in the Rostov hotel is also probably still making that hellish racket

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. . . The Song of Stenka Razin always will make a hit with the tourist. It should—it sounds like a mixture of *She Were Poor But She Were Honest* and *Throw Out the Life-Line* . . . Maybe by this time *Dark Eyes* is no longer frowned on. Last summer its associations with gypsies and aristocratic orgies still kept it in the doghouse . . .

Elderly ladies who teach the classics in high school are probably still getting quivers up the spine out of going to prophylactoria and seeing real prostitutes being reformed . . . It's worth the whole trip to see a real prostitute, warranted genuine by the government . . . They said last summer that the supply of girls was running out—no more to reform . . . If true, it will be worth the Soviet Union's while to stage a prophylactorium with prop inmates . . . Some of the ikons offered to tourists are already under suspicion for similar reasons—probably unjustified.

Our friend from the GPU said it was only amateurs who got sent to prophylactoria—a real professional usually got sent to Siberia to save waste motion . . .

Remember the nice old tourist lady who insisted on calling Krupskaya *Mrs. Lenin* and couldn't understand how she could have her picture taken with her hair in such a mess? . . . And the symbolic rows of busts in museums and such—Marx lower left, quite small—Lenin middle, life-size—Stalin upper right, double life-size? . . . The smartest thing Intourist does is give you plenty of time in the Czarina's rooms at Detskoye-Seloe. Ten minutes in this indescribably vulgar and obscurely cruel layout gives you the illusion of understanding the whole Russian revolution . . . A recent week-end cable said that the Russians are getting tip-conscious in a big way.

That's new since last year—they seldom refused tips but they seldom hung round and fished for them either . . . It was just as well—service was usually terrible . . . Except at the Europa in Leningrad when all the bigshot doctors attending the International Physiological Congress were there. The way things had snapped to for that occasion was something incredible . . . And pretty irritating to ordinary tourists . . .

It's a shame if the introduction of a tourist-ruble has raised the price of Caucasian wines . . . A bottle of excellent white wine for about fifty cents was a lot of consolation for this and that . . . Maybe it's safer to eat the ice cream by this time, however. The kind we got wouldn't melt at all after half an hour in a hot dining room . . .

Remember the good-natured Russian in the same railway compartment with us who picked a bedbug off my trousers, held it up, smiled ruefully and then said: *Eta Russky*, meaning "That is characteristically Russian"? . . . And how we tried to tell him, with no success, that we

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had also met regiments of bedbugs in New York? . . . Undoubtedly Russians still behave as if train-travel were a serious illness . . . They lie down flat and suffer patiently until they're cured by arriving at their destination . . . Maybe that's just because they're bored with the monotonous landscape . . . But it isn't boring the first time you see it . . .

Wonder what the returning zealots will have to say about Ex-Ambassador Bullitt's remarks on the barbarities of any and all dictatorships? . . . He was the candy kid as late as last summer, too.

But they'll find some way to discredit anything anybody says . . . They accounted for the unfavorable angles of Eugene Lyons' book by saying he'd been thrown out of the Soviet Union for speculating in rubles . . . Safe accusation, too . . . Every newspaperman in Moscow either had to speculate in rubles or live way beyond his pay . . .

Wonder if the Russians will take any better care of those ten Rust Cotton Pickers they bought than they did of the several hundred thousand dollars' worth of American harvesting machinery we saw rusting away in the open at a big collective farm? . . . No point in wondering about the rolling stock on the railroads . . . Remember the story about the American engineer who was employed to inspect the Russian railroads and reported there was nothing to do but peel down to the roadbeds and start fresh from there? . . . You can probably still tell just what part of Russia you're in by the locomotive fuel: wood in the north, coal in the southwest where the big coal basins are, oil in the southeast as you get nearer to Baku and the oil fields . . . Getting coal for locomotive fuel to Leningrad would be as much of a job as getting fresh vegetables there in any quantity . . .

Now they're coming back again, primed with fragmentary observations and half-baked conclusions, not even knowing that they still know nothing about the Soviet Union but what they've read and what it looks like. Every time we hear that somebody else we know is going to Russia, we think of the innocent questions of the man in the big Park of Culture and Rest in Moscow. Our party had stopped to watch a group of holidaying proletarians clustered round a lecturer who, with a map and a pointer, was laying down Marxian attitudes about the Ethiopian situation. With ready obligingness the listeners made way for us to come closer and hear more clearly. Our guide explained, she said in translating for us what had gone on, that we didn't need to come closer—we were foreigners and understood practically no Russian. (There may have been a little acid in her willingness to translate.) "Why don't they learn Russian?" asked one of the listeners. She explained again that we were to be in Russia for only a few weeks and it was hardly worth-while. "Well, in that case," said the man, as she reported him, "I don't see why they bother coming here at all."

—J. C. FURNAS

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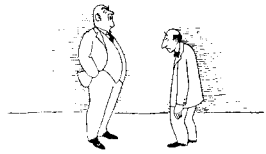
HOW TO FEEL SUPERIOR

A GOOD DEFENSE OF AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX LIES IN A STRONG OFFENSE



TO FEEL superior when greeting an acquaintance, you must be first with: "What's new?", "What do you know?", or, "What have you been doing that's exciting?" The direct accusation makes whatever he knows or had been doing seem inadequate, so he replies, "Not much"; thus admitting his inferiority and making what *you* know seem, by contrast, well worth telling. It always works. Once, as an experiment, I spent several hours biting horses and kicking policemen and waited hopefully for someone to say, "Well, and what have you been up to?" But when it happened, I told him "Nothing much." He felt superior then and gayly told what he'd been doing, which was having lunch.

"Hello there," is a baffling inferiority-superiority phenomenon. Why "there" makes this salutation condescending is a mystery. The secret is not in the hint that the name has been forgotten because the effect is identical in: "Hello there, Gustavus." Those so greeted cannot, by any known retort, ease the resulting feeling of inferiority. "Hello there yourself, too!" merely advertises it.

Lulls in conversation give you a good chance to feel superior. You can hum softly, start drumming on the nearest piece of furniture, become absorbed in a magazine, or retire into yourself as though thinking important thoughts. Thus showing others that you are not straining yourself in an effort to think of something interesting to say. This puts it up to them.

Pretending you did not quite understand a feeble or unhappy remark and asking for it to be repeated is a handy device, particularly when the remark was intended to be funny but wasn't. This technique is unusually effective in telephone conversations.

"What's good about it?" like "What do you know?" sounds like an indictment and leaves the mind of the questionee a vacuum. Approval by another of any place, person, idea, book, or movie gives you the opening. If he says it is good, ask him calmly but firmly, "What's good about it?" He'll be sorry he mentioned it.

If these methods of feeling superior don't work for you, I won't be able to understand it. They work perfectly on me. —RICHARD ADAMSON

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

HIROSHIGE: TEN THOUSAND ACRES

The art of printing in colors from a number of wood blocks in succession, although practiced earlier in China, did not flourish until the Eighteenth Century in Japan where, from 1764 to 1858, were produced the most beautiful examples of color-printing the world has seen.

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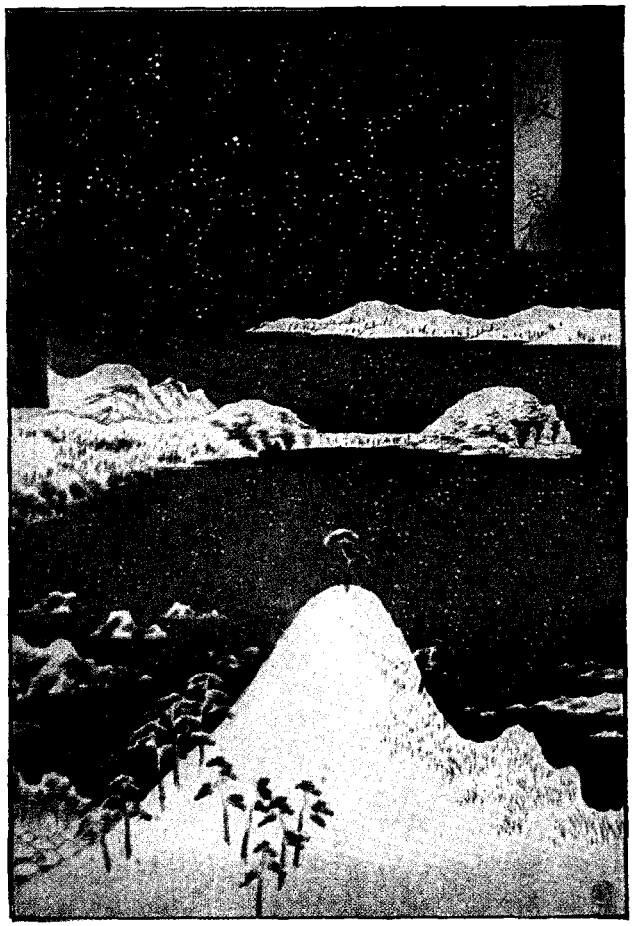

HIROSHIGE: SHISAKU IN SNOW

Hiroshige (1797-1858) was the last of the great masters of the golden era of Japanese prints, and was the most widely imitated. That there may have been some Occidental influence on his work has been deduced from his superior handling of perspective, surpassing all the rest.

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HIROSHIGE: TAISHA, MISTY MORNING

Here a lay brother and two maids are taking offerings to the shrine of the goddess of matrimony. These facing pages are from a famous set published two years before Hiroshige's death, representative of his ultimate style, emphasizing the communication of atmosphere.

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HIROSHIGE: SEBA, MOONRISE

Whistler was more indebted to Hiroshige than to any other one artist for the inspiration for his moonlight interpretations. Hiroshige alone among Japanese artists concerned himself with snow, mist, and moonlight effects, although afterwards he was much imitated in this.

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BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING

by KATSUKAWA SHUNCHO

The exact dates of Shuncho's birth and death are not known, but he was a contemporary of Hokusai and a pupil of Hokusai's master Shunsho (see page 102). But one letter differentiates the names of Shuncho and his teacher Shunsho, as they bore the same family name, Katsukawa. *Battledore and Shuttlecock* dates from about 1787, when Shuncho was at the height of his powers, his best work dating from 1784 to 1790. This print is a diptych (a pair of panels) from the Clarence Buckingham Collection in the Oriental Department of The Art Institute, Chicago.

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A FURTHER NOTE ON *BATTLEDORE and SHUTTLECOCK*

In the right hand panel of the diptych, along the right edge, the potted pine indicates that the time of this game of battledore and shuttlecock is the New Year festival period, as the pine is set up, as a symbol of longevity (with bamboo), at the doorway on New Year's Morning.

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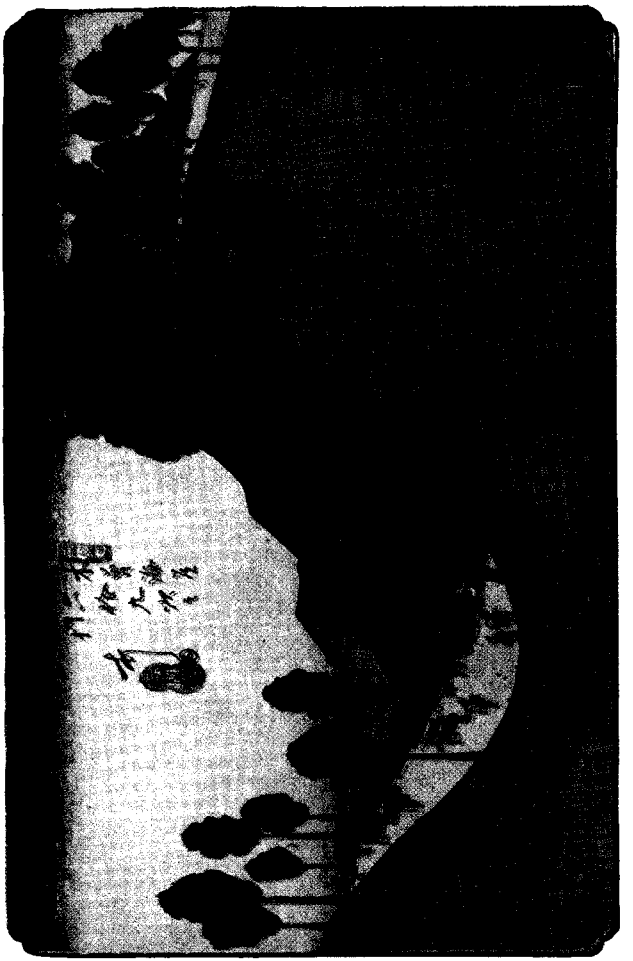

HIROSHIGE: ASHIDA

Hiroshige's prints are widely collected. The largest representation is in the museums of London, Tokyo, New York and Chicago. All the Japanese prints here reproduced (except the centerspread insert from the Chicago Art Institute) are from the British Museum, London.

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UTAMARO: FOLDING CLOTH

Utamaro (1753-1806) was the first of the great masters of the school of popular art (*Ukiyo-ye*), the others being Hokusai and Hiroshige. He was the son of a painter of the classic school (*Kano*), who disowned him. His one fixed theme was Woman. He led a very dissolute life.

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UTAMARO: WATCHING DIVERS

As a figure-designer Utamaro surpassed all before him. He showed his full brilliance after 1790 and from then until 1800 his production and reputation were great. Then he was imprisoned for prints offensive to the government. He declined after that, dying in 1806.

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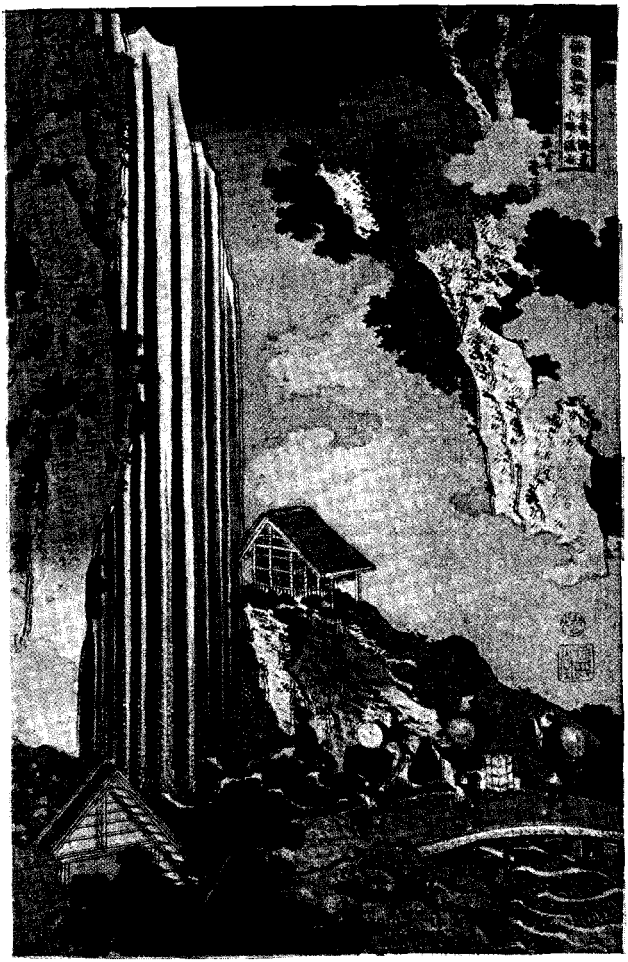

HOKUSAI: WATERFALL OF ONO

Hokusai (1760-1849) was expelled from the class of his master Shunsho for his independence. His industry was prodigious (he left over 30,000 drawings) and his fame great, but he lived like a peasant all his days. He is more esteemed in the Occident than in Japan.

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HEINRICH KLEY: END OF A SERIES

The air of delighted discovery with which readers have greeted the presentations of the drawings of Heinrich Kley in the January and February issues has led to the prolongation of the series beyond the original intention. Accordingly, herewith another representative selection of Kley drawings covering a wide range, from the poetic dreamy line of the head study above, the mordant satire of *The "At Home,"* the baroque grace of *Tempted*, the droll fantasy of *Winter Sports*, to the amazing topicality, after some thirty years, of *Strike*.

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DANCE CRAZE I

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DANCE CRAZE II

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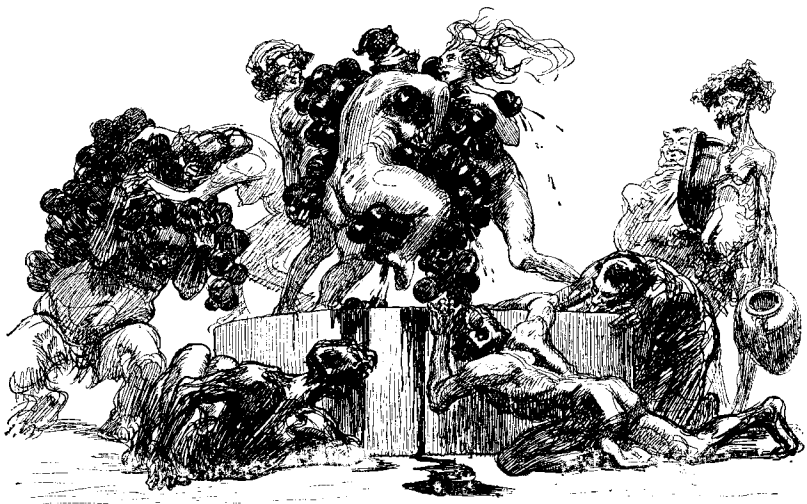

THE WINE PRESS

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THE "AT HOME"

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THE GAS PATIENT

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SPRING SONG

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IN FLAGRANTE . . .

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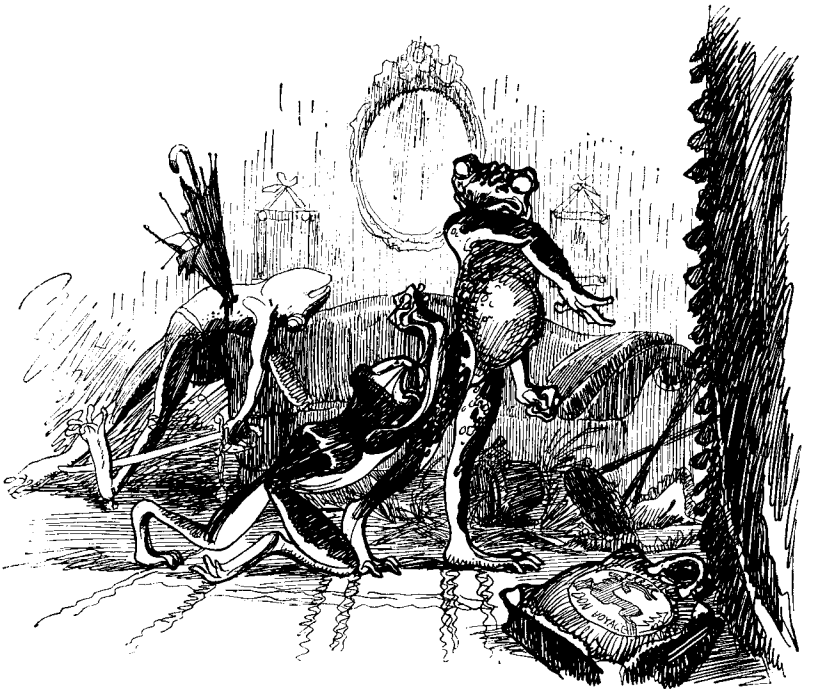

. . . DELICTO

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THE TRIP

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THE TIP

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THE TEMPTER

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TEMPTED

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WINTER SPORTS

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REHEARSAL

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STRIKE

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FLIGHT

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ANDRÉ DURAND PARIS

STILL LIFE STUDY

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KÁROLY KLETZ MISKOLC, HUNGARY

BLACK AND WHITE ROSES

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DR. AJTAY-HEIM BUDAPEST

DUCKLINGS

CORONET

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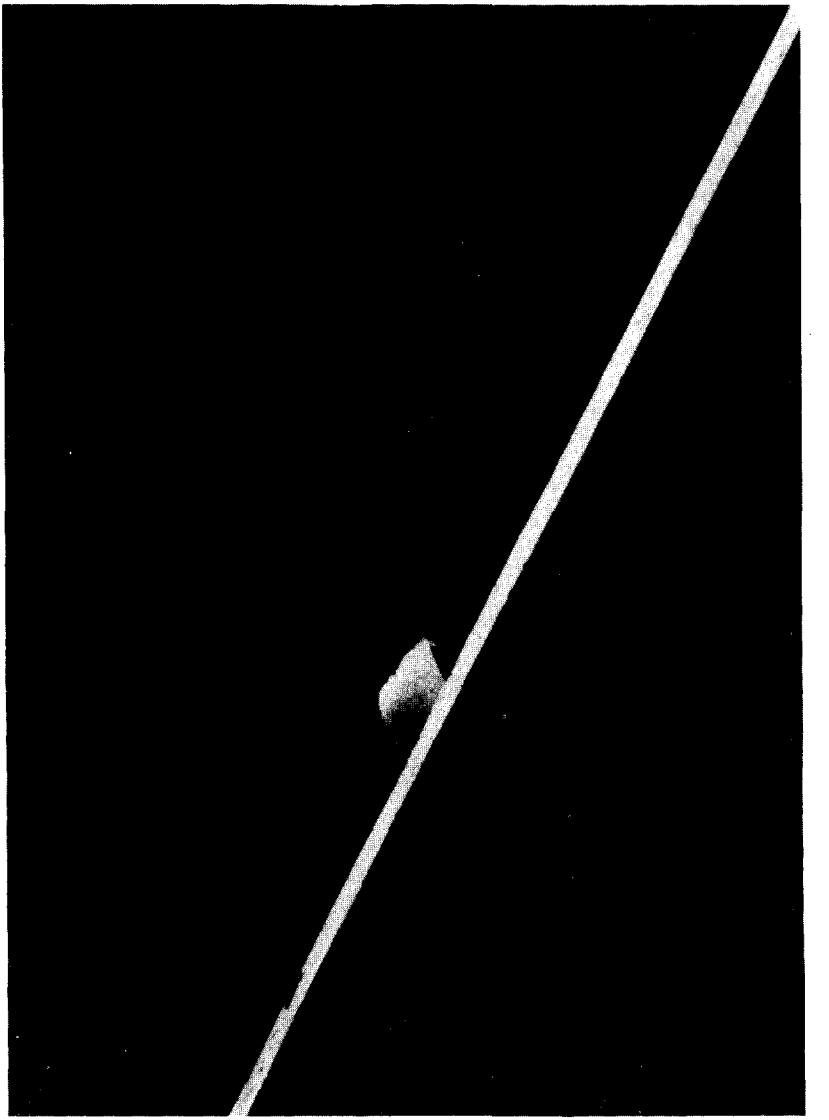

ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

SIGN OF SPRING

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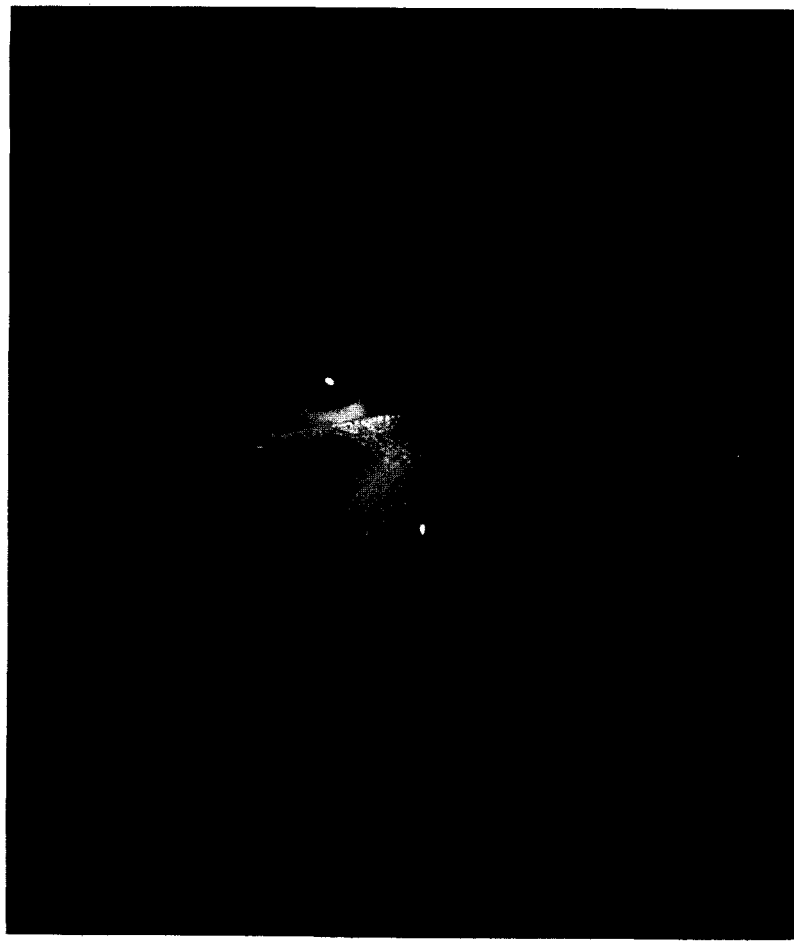

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

A TEAR

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SHERRIL SCHELL HOLLYWOOD

TROPIC FLOWER

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HEINZ VON PERCKHAMMER EUROPEAN PHOTO

NYMPHOEA ALBA

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

EMOTE

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ALBERT STEINER BLACK STAR PHOTO

THE LAKE, ST. MORITZ

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ANTE KORNIČ — LJUBLJANA, JUGO-SLAVIA

WINTERSCAPE—I

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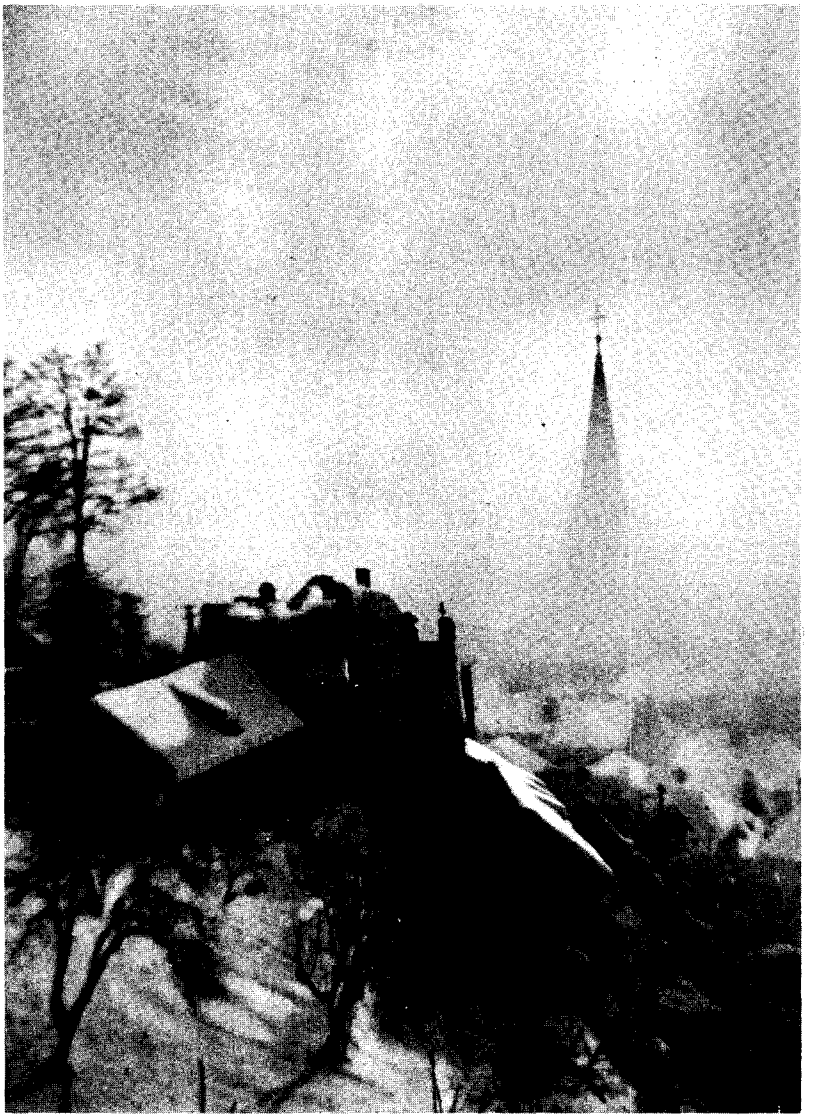

ANTE KORNIČ — LJUBLJANA, JUGO-SLAVIA

WINTERSCAPE—II

CORONET

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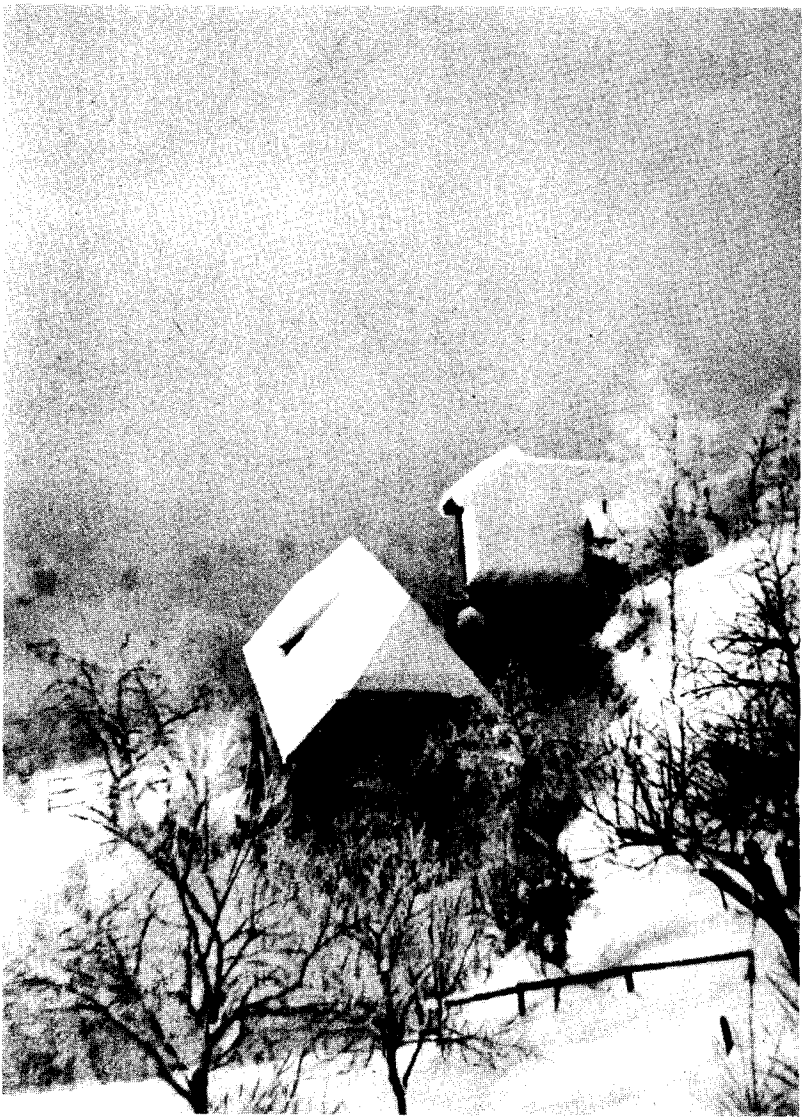

ANTE KORNIČ — LJUBLJANA, JUGO-SLAVIA

WINTERSCAPE—III

MARCH, 1937

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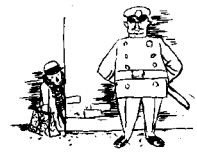
THE PHANTOM PASSPORT

FREEDOM AFFECTS AN OPPRESSED SPIRIT LIKE A TOO HEADY WINE



IT HAD been a good many years since I had seen anyone from home, Russia. I went to Indiana Harbor as soon as I heard they had arrived, Berel and his wife, Baile. A gnarled old couple they seemed, although they were not much older than I. (I could still pass as a very young woman.) Hard times, the war, constant fear—altogether a harassed existence. They hadn't much to say, only that they were glad they were here. They wanted to know what their prospects were, would they make a living? Not much, you know, just enough for bread, rent—a small place would do—peace of mind more than anything else. I reassured them; they would get along; it's a free country, you know; there are opportunities for all. A free country? Berel was not quite clear on that point. He could not grasp the extent of America's freedom. It was preposterous, incredulous.

I wrote out for him, the directions to come to Hammond. I might find something for him to do. I was vague about it; I would see when he came.

He was eager. Surely, he would come; he would find his way all right, but where would he get a passport?

"A passport?" I smiled, and he became embarrassed. "You don't need any passports in America."

"You don't need any passports in America? No passports at all? What if they should stop me on the street and demand one?"

"They will not stop you."

"On the streetcar, neither?"

"No, no one will pay any attention to you."

"You mean to say that I can go from this city, Indiana Harbor, to your city, Hammond, without a passport?" He looked puzzled.

"I assure you that you can. No one will bother you."

He shrugged his shoulders and said nothing more for the time being. I went away repeating the instructions how to get to Hammond. I did not mention anything more about the passport.

Berel came at noon the following day—to Hammond—to my place. His protruded cheekbones were aflame. I feared he had had trouble with the directions. No! No! He

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managed all right. He seemed pleased with himself, as if he had accomplished something clever. He was eager to tell me about the trip from Indiana Harbor to Hammond—(five miles by a streetcar!) It was full of adventures. As soon as he walked out a policeman had come, facing him with club in hand. He dodged him in the nick of time, before he even took a chance of being seen, cut clear across the street and turned into an alley, waiting there until the gentleman in the blue coat and brass buttons was out of sight. As soon as he boarded the streetcar he slipped the conductor a half dollar besides his fare, so that he wouldn't say anything about his being aboard. A nice fellow, that conductor, winked at him understandingly and all that. Well, the car stopped frequently. Many people got off and on. He was sure some of them were secret agents and would demand a passport if they saw him, so he had slid down in his seat and pulled his cap low over his face and they never did see him. But just as he stepped off the car there again was a huge policeman, the biggest he had ever seen, leaning against a tree, swinging his club with energy. What would a clever fellow do in such a situation? Quick as lightning, he turned on his heel, walked a few blocks back, turned onto a side street and then back again toward my house. A few steps within the number he was seeking, my number, and suddenly, face to face he came with the very same huge policeman. Berel's mind worked fast; it directed his hand to slip into his pocket; out it came with a one-dollar bill, which, quick as lightning, he slipped into the policeman's hand, sideways, sort of, in passing, just like that, and—here he was! Triumphant!

Then suddenly his face clouded. How would he get back again? He had no more money with him. I tried my utmost to explain to him without hurting his feelings how foolish he had been; there was no need for it; he should have saved his money for better use. He looked at me patronizingly. I, being a woman, could not be expected to understand such matters as law and order and all that. He would manage to get home, he assured me, and I need not worry. Only, if I could possibly find out from some of my friends where he could obtain a passport for future use, he would be grateful. Hadn't I perhaps some "pull" with the higherups? He wouldn't want to take a chance of going around much longer without a passport—too dangerous.

It was then that the whole tragedy dawned upon me. He had been hounded so long, so muzzled and fettered at every step, that it had gone to his head. They were not liberal with those passports in Old Russia, yet no one was allowed to be without one. For some reason or other Berel had not been eligible for one, yet they had hunted him down like a dog, and it had gone to his head. But now, he was again talking sanely, even sensi-

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bly. If only we could make him forget about the passport.

I brought forth a samovar which I had purchased long ago in the ghetto in New York and made tea. His face brightened. In spite of his mutilated life there in Russia, in spite of never having known a day of freedom or an hour of peace, his heart melted at the sight of the samovar, a reminder of his home—loyalty to his country despite all. The samovar would not work right and he helped me to adjust it with a reminiscent air. They, too, had a samovar in Russia, a wedding present. For three long years they had only black bread, and tea out of that samovar, two times daily. They had forgotten the taste of other food, but that would not have mattered if only he had been given a passport. He could not count on his fingers and toes the number of times he had applied and been refused and the number of times he had been arrested for going about without one. Yes, they were glad they had got away at last but there were memories, of childhood, of youth, even of romance. Ah, ah, it had all passed long, long ago, never to return. It was well they were here, they would get along somehow—as soon as he could get a passport.

I served him tea in a glass and he lifted it to his lips with both hands, as if warming himself. The doorbell rang—nothing unusual—but he recoiled from the sound as from a blow, his face turned ashen white, the glass slipping back onto the table. I opened the door and a big policeman pushed his way in, followed by a little street-car conductor.

"Sorry, missus, to disturb you. We are looking for a little man with a beard—Spaniard maybe. There was a shooting in Indiana Harbor—not fatal, but we must have the man. I saw a suspicious looking fellow entering here half an hour ago."

At this moment the little conductor jumped forth excitedly. "That's him! There he is! That's him that slipped me that tip! I knew he was running away from something," he sputtered.

"I am sorry, lady," came again from the officer of the law, as he proceeded to put handcuffs on Berel, who was too frozen with fright to offer any resistance.

I tried to explain that it was all a hideous mistake, that Berel was a peaceful Jew, not a Spaniard, but to no avail. The officer of the law would do his duty. As they led him out, Berel looked at me scornfully. "You see, I told you they would arrest me for going about without a passport," his look seemed to say. My heart was rent.

"I will get you bail immediately," I reassured him.

"No, no, don't get me Baile. I don't want her to know. She must not know what a fool I was. Write her I am staying here awhile," he pleaded as they led him away.

In a mad fury I aroused the city. I called everybody that I thought

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might have some influence. My husband left his work and ran around seeing this one and that one. We did not sleep, eat, or rest until we got the mistake cleared up. A whole week they kept him locked up.

Berel came out completely convinced that I was a fool and that there was not a place on earth where a man had the right to go about without a passport. He did not come to me for aid again. He had thoroughly lost faith in me as sponsor of his welfare. For weeks he remained shut up in his room. He would never again go about without a passport.

It seemed high time to consult a psychiatrist. The doctor, my husband, and I deliberated at length. It was difficult to decide what course to take. It was indeed a baffling situation. At length the doctor spoke out:

"I am afraid there is nothing to do for the poor fellow but give him a passport."

We went to a notary public and had some sort of useless paper made out, upon which Berel's name appeared several times. In order to make it convincing we had Berel present, and pretended to go through a bit of red tape; and finally the passport was given him. I shall never forget the joy that brightened his face as he put that worthless piece of paper in his vest pocket.

Henceforth Berel moved about his business the same as any other normal human being, his phantom passport always there, safely in his pocket.

It is many years since Berel got his life-saving credential. He is now a fairly successful business man in Hammond, Indiana, happy and at peace with the world. "Yes, indeed, America is a fine country," thinks Berel, his passport his most valuable possession. When he changes clothes, his wife tells me, he always makes sure to transfer the passport to the vest he is going to wear. The fact that no one in all these years has ever asked him for the passport he has entirely overlooked. It is there, in his pocket, close to his heart, and Berel is a free man at last.

—Betty S. Tigay

THE LACONISMS OF HOWARD BLAKE

HAPPINESS—What right have we to expect happiness in a world where, if we don't cry the second we are born we get spanked until we do.

* * *

BACHELORHOOD—Bachelorhood is a state which a woman envies so much that she never fully respects a man who renounces it, even to marry her.

PUNISHMENT—Now the fallen angel had broken the law in Hell. "Seventy years on Earth!" thundered Satan.

"No, Your Majesty!" screamed the sinner. "Not that!"

* * *

JUSTICE—Come now, the truth! Who among us would be content with justice?

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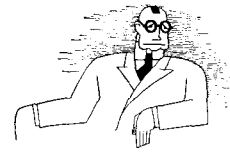
IN AN ART GALLERY



Here is a portrait of the artist's husband.
A handsome face, yes; somewhat arrogant,
Somewhat with the expression of a king
Robbed of his sceptre. Notice how the eyes
Look out in insolent challenge on the world,
The mouth, how, with a smile contemptuous
Of his environment (yet tolerant, too,)
Appears to tell you of his rightful status.
Notice the hand that he has flung across
The armrest of the chair, a muscular hand
Hanging extremely limp, for he is proud
Of his superior wisdom in disdaining
To call attention to his physical powers.
A man of culture does not value strength
Of arm or leg, but only strength of mind;
And he is a cultured man. If you should ask
For any proof, his smile would frankly broaden;
Your question would at once reveal your blindness,
And relegate you to that class of people
On whom no words are wasted by a man
Of contemplative and philosophic mind.
This is the artist's husband as she knew him.
Oh, no, she meant no irony; she loved him.
The force of truth somehow slipped through her brush.
Truth has a way of coming to the light,
Despite our veils of fancy and illusion.

—HELENE MULLINS

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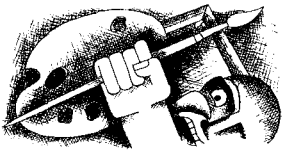
EFFIGY OF A GREAT ARTIST



He writhes in torment, and he twists in pain,
But he will find no magic for release,
Never a genie of logic to explain,
Never a lamp to rub and wish for peace.

About him float the mists that he has formed
Of dark rebellion, questioning and prayer.
His doors are shattered now, that life has stormed,
His soul drops low in disillusion's snare.

But whether he must suffer, or may mend,
Does not concern the Universal Will.
He is of those decreed to strain and bend—
One of the instruments decreed to drill
Into the wall that separates mankind
From the larger consciousness beyond the flesh.

He is of those decreed to seek and find,
And so must be subjected to the mesh,
The hammer and the darkness and the knife.

Pain must illuminate him till he sees
What no man sees. And when he ends his life,
Light will be on a few obscurities.

—HELENE MULLINS

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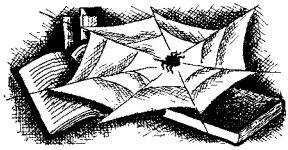
LET'S KEEP THEM ALIVE

RECLAMATION PROJECT FOR ALL UNDESERVEDLY FORGOTTEN BOOKS



PAUL DE KRUIF has asked the dramatic question: "Why Keep Them Alive?" meaning human beings, especially young human beings. The answer, of course, is that most of us want to keep them alive because we love them. There are people who really hate the poor, who hate the unsuccessful, and those of another race or religion. They are believers in municipal lethal chambers. They think war is a good thing "because it kills off the unfit." But such are not yet in a majority in civilized countries.

The same instinct for the preservation of what we love functions in the realm of books. We want to keep them alive, but the pressure of new writing, the preoccupations of publishers with new genius, the bad habit authors have of dying or failing to keep themselves in the public eye—all threaten good books with a sort of living death. Hence the need for a society for the resuscitation of moribund books, which should be organized forthwith. It might propose each month a neglected book of which the younger generations have not heard. So far from this being a form of relief, in many cases the book would sell enough to justify the venture.

Musing over the *English Literary Year Book* for 1911, one sees books and authors famous in their day and now mysteriously forgotten. We may select ten of these for the consideration of the proposed society. Readers will know of others having a claim. There must be novels like *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht* and *Rudder Grange* in American literature which never seem to get reprinted. Why, for instance, should one have to rummage in the 25 cent boxes of second-hand book stores for a copy of *The Lady or The Tiger?*

First in our list is *The Heavenly Twins* by Sarah Grand. It came out in 1893 and was one of the most talked-of books of its day in relation to the emancipation of women from the double standard. It was as famous as *Robert Elsmere*, which might be included, but we are concerned here with only first class writing. Mrs. Humphry Ward was a Grand Panjandrum in her day but only a second-rate novelist. Madame Grand had a genius of a kind. The episode of *The*

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Tenor and the Boy could only have been carried off by first-rate talent. One wonders why the book is not available.

Red Pottage, by Mary Cholmondeley, is on the list and someone else may insist on *Moth and Rust*, though this deponent fears that the latter, in spite of his glowing memory of it in his youth, may date. But *Red Pottage* should be in the hands of those who think Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Wolfe know all about novel writing. An omnibus volume containing these two novels with *Diana Tempest* would find readers, and they would all profit by the contact with a splendid mind.

In 1901 Charles Marriott published his first novel, *The Column*. It should be reprinted. Those who hail Elizabeth Bowen's methods as new, should read *The Column*. Not for everybody, of course, and least of all for those who enjoy *Anthony Adverse* or *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Those who like Virginia Woolf and Aldous Huxley will read it more than once.

Robert Smythe Hichens is still a practicing novelist, but his style has changed since he wrote *The Green Carnation* and *An Imaginative Man*. The book proposed, however, is *Flames*, a 400 page novel about four characters. It is really a marvelous panorama of the intellectual regions of the '90's. People believed they had souls and it was easy to make them believe, in a work of art, in souls that "Mounting up to God, went past her like thin flames" as Rossetti had written in *The Blessed Damozel*.

If M. P. Shiel could regain a public there must be many who will find a curious pleasure in the Victorian hothouse atmosphere of the West End of London, in *Flames*.

Thrillers are now made almost on a quantity production basis, but *The Beetle*, by Richard March, published in 1895, is an extraordinary achievement, for it used to make at least one reader have nightmares when he was young. There was something that both curdled and froze the blood, something that used to be claimed for Bram Stoker's *Dracula* quite without reason. *Dracula* did not cause one's hair to rise. It was phony. *The Beetle* . . . well, it should be read.

There should be a rule in literature —never have a brother who writes. Think of Silas K. Hocking and Joseph Hocking, both best sellers, Joseph selling better than Silas and Silas writing better than Joseph. Think again of Algernon Gissing, brother of George, who has written a score or so of novels and nobody has ever heard of him. It is suggested that this is an injustice. *Roseann* and *One Ash* are minor masterpieces in the Hardy manner, of the Wessex country. Mr. Gissing has never been advertised.

A first-rate writer was lost to us because Neil Munro contented himself for most of his life with editorial work on the Glasgow *Evening News*. But before he fell silent he wrote *The Lost Pibroch*, a collection of Highland tales of great power. Here is a chance for the Modern Library, one would think.

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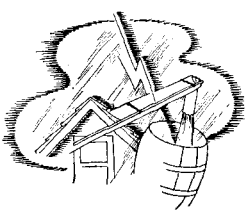
Munro also enraptured the Clyde lads with lighter stuff, which he signed "Hugh Foulis." Who that once knew "Para Handy" and "Erchie," the hired waiter with "a flat fut but a warm heart," will ever forget them? But it is doubtful if such desperately Scotch stuff would travel. The flavor would be lost.

It is nothing short of a scandal that so good a piece of writing as *A Poor Man's House* is not available here. Stephen Reynolds, born in 1881, published this study of Devon fishermen after having lived among them, as one of them, in 1908. The only other work we can trace is an unusual novel, *The Holy Mountain,* which John Lane issued in 1909. But *A Poor Man's House* is the writing of Henry George or Herbert Spencer. The theme may not be up-to-date and you may not agree with the author, but the writing keeps the book alive. We need more such books today dealing with Vermont quarrymen and Gloucester fishermen and deep sea firemen in steamers. Reynolds is no revolutionist. He contents himself with making you see the virtues of men and women whose living is of the hardest, who can take it, as we say, and who never seem aware of the real splendor of their lives.

In the same class is George Bourne's *Memoirs of a Surrey Laborer*. The author's real name was George Sturt, and he died in 1927. Arnold Bennett tells in his journal how he drove down to see Sturt at Farnham, where he lived in a cottage. He requested Bennett to keep the car and chauffeur out of sight up the street. It was characteristic of Bennett to go in such style to see a poor man whom he admired as a writer, and who was ill and half paralyzed into the bargain. That was Bennett all over. He later wrote an introduction to Sturt's posthumous work. One of Sturt's books, *The Wheelwright's Shop*, is a joy to anyone with a feeling for fine craftsmanship in woodwork.

These would make a fine beginning for the Society for the Preservation of Distinguished Writing. We might call it The Old Fogies' Library. But any old fogie who collected such a set would have to guard it against the younger generation. These would be always borrowing and forgetting to bring back. —WILLIAM MCFEE

PROFOUND EQUALITY



The rains that fall on broken eaves,
Alike on mansions fall.
Profound equality, that grieves
For one and all.

—CHARLES A. WAGNER

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

MEDIAEVAL SOCIETY PASTIMES

The ascetic influence that was dominant until the Renaissance fostered the reverse of our doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness. Bathing was considered dangerous, unhealthful, immoral. Then, like women's smoking, it became "smart" before it became common.

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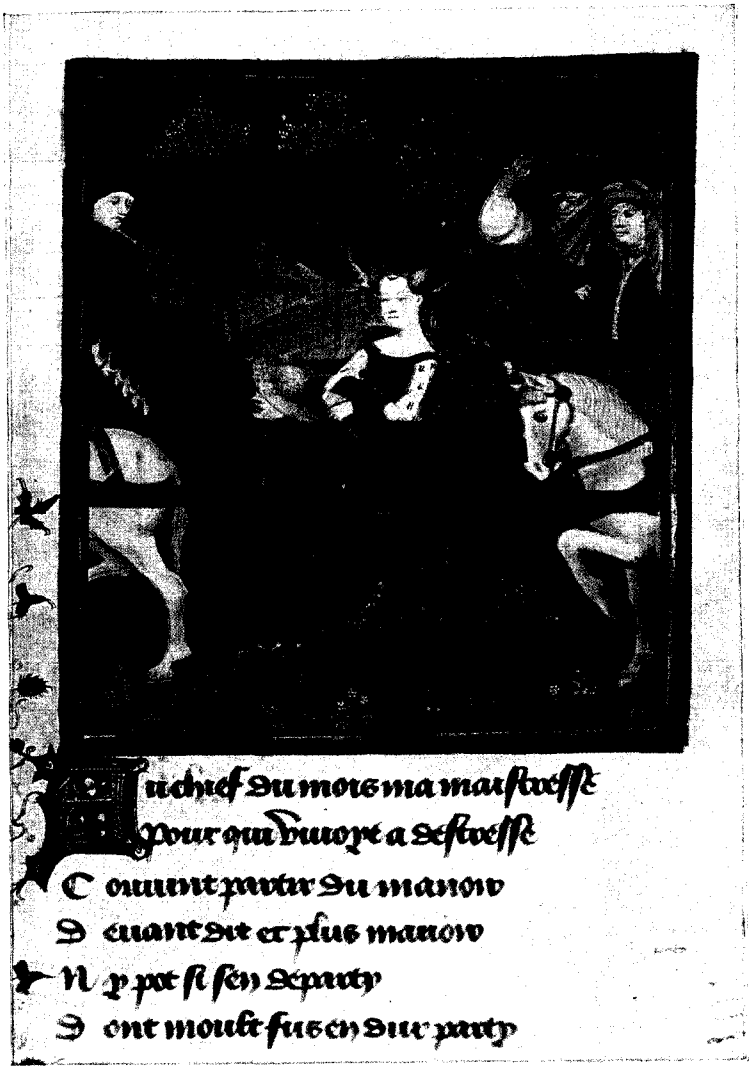
uchief Du mors ma mauſtreſſe
Pour qui Duoye a Deſtreſſe
C ouuint partir Du manoir
D euant Dieu et plus manoir
N y pot ſi ſen Deputy
D ont moult fuſen Dur party

The miniatures on this and the next five pages were taken from a manuscript book of poems executed in France in the early Fifteenth Century. The manuscript, which is in the British Museum, was a presentation copy to Isabeau of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI (the Mad) of France, 1368-1422.

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Isabeau, whose ladies-in-waiting were models for these scenes of noble sport, was either wife, mother-in-law, or grandmother (through but one daughter) to six kings, three of France and three of England. And this tangle of royal relations occurred during the Hundred Years' War between France and England!

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Isabeau's husband, Charles VI of France, was a weakling. He permitted the Duke of Orleans to raise the French court to such peaks of extravagance and depths of profligacy as to make both himself and his king cordially hated by the French people. While they played games and hunted, the English conquered.

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Isabeau looked on while her husband, Charles VI, yielded the throne of France to her son-in-law, Henry V of England, thus ousting her son, the Dauphin. But a little French peasant girl thought otherwise, and prevailed upon the Dauphin to let her raise some troops for him. Her name was Joan of Arc.

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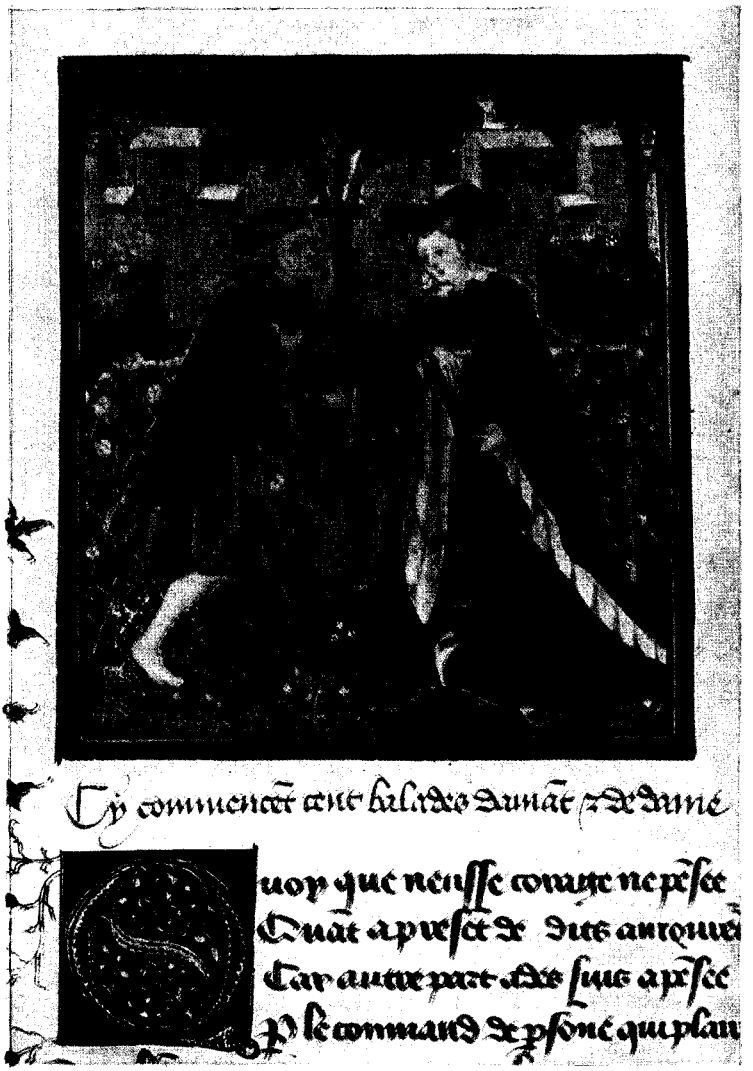

Isabeau next saw her son the Dauphin crowned Charles VII (with Joan of Arc proudly at his side) while her daughter Catherine went with the defeated Henry V back to England, where she bore him Henry VI, then married Owen Tudor, to whom she bore Henry VII. But Joan of Arc was burned as a witch.

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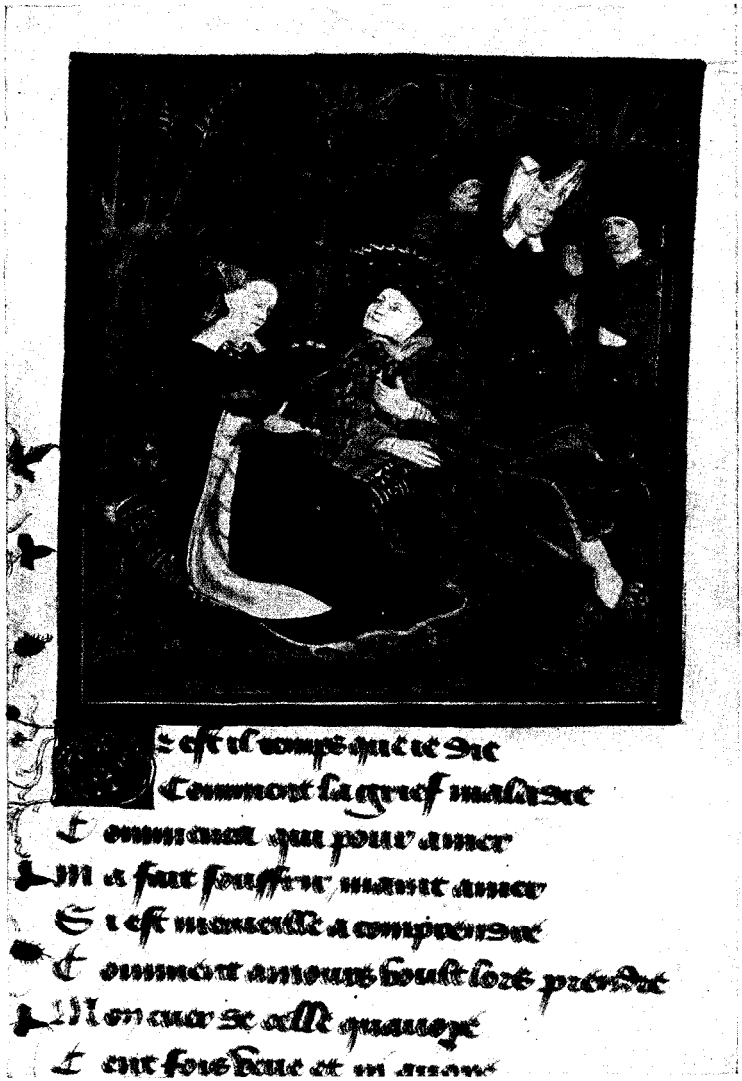

The manners and morals of the time were those described by the urbane Boccacio and the lusty Chaucer, and decried by the moral Gower. There were Courts of Love which gravely decided that since love between husband and wife was impossible, fidelity could exist only between a wife and her lover.

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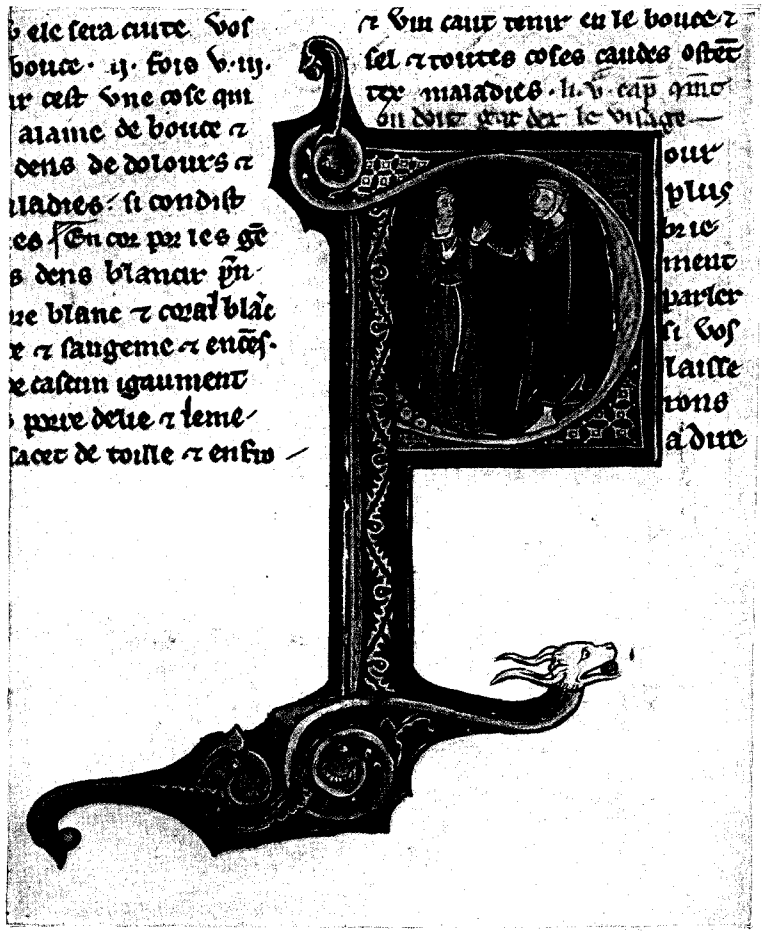

VANITY, MEDIAEVAL STYLE

Though bathing was long looked at askance, mediaeval perfumers and cosmeticians always did a flourishing business (and particularly so after the Crusades), as witness this Thirteenth Century scene in which a "beautician" is expounding the virtues of a new face-cream.

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BEFORE THE BAR EXAM

A LAWYER WAS A GENTLEMAN FIRST AND A SCHOLAR SECOND, IF AT ALL

TIME, the third year after the American Revolution; place, the county town of Salisbury on the North Carolina frontier. The moist airs of spring soughed around the porticoed old tavern. The inside was almost as moist, for a rollicking group of law students in the knee breeches, frilled shirts and ribboned hair of the Colonial dandy were celebrating a tremendous occasion. One of their number had completed his two years of required service in a law office on nothing a year with the privilege of blacking the stove thrown in, and had been certified that afternoon as a fit candidate for admission to the Bar of North Carolina. There had been a dinner with speeches and toasts, and in general a very large evening. Now it was time to go, and the party was wringing the punch bowl dry for the ninth or tenth farewell round.

Then someone was struck by one of the bright ideas proper to the time of night and the state of the punch bowl. The occasion, he declaimed, was an epic one for America. A new leader was to go forth and give Justice the break she had been waiting for these last (hic) million years. The night must be forever enshrined in the memories of his fellow diners, and their glasses never profaned by holding another drink. The orator smashed his glass on the floor; the others solemnly followed suit.

Then someone else had another big idea. The huge porcelain punch bowl that had held the consecrated beverage! Should it be profaned again? Never! Smash on the floor went the punch bowl.

But the table that held the punch bowl? It was dismembered forthwith. Next the chairs were broken up and added to the pile; then every movable object in the room was splintered or smashed, the whole debris was stuffed into the fireplace and set alight, and the party broke up in the happy consciousness of a high occasion fully honored. Thus young Andrew Jackson finished his legal apprenticeship and started on horseback through the night, to travel the tortuous causeway of legal exigencies that would finally lead to the White House.

Young Andrew hit the border settlement of Jonesborough with the

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ideal equipment for commencing a law career. According to eyewitnesses he came mounted on one race horse and leading another which carried his shotgun and saddlebags, Andrew himself bearing a conspicuous pair of duelling pistols. A pack of fox hounds completed the parade. Yet this imposing entry was only the start. The record of the Jonesborough Court of Pleas, May 18, 1786, shows that Andrew Jackson, having submitted the necessary credentials of character and legal study, was admitted to practice before the Bar of North Carolina.

Next he turned wholeheartedly to establishing his credentials as knight errant of the settlement's womanhood, and as a heavy entry for the horse racing, cockfighting, fox hunting, drinking and gambling records. All these social amenities were valuable assets then for a budding lawyer. For first of all the Southern lawyer was a Gentleman—a Man of Honor—and a man's honor was gauged, not by his aversion to these things, but by his ability to do them and remain a gentleman. A heavy drinker was admired, but a drunkard was despised. Skill at cards and reckless courage were applauded, but the professional gambler was an outcast. Promptness and implacability where a duel was involved were the essence of honor, but the bully was only a nuisance. Thus Andrew Jackson began his law career as well endowed for the needs of his own practice as a modern law graduate with a string of degrees, membership in an exclusive golf club and the endorsement of a Supreme Court Judge. That is, he had everything to make him popular and admired among the right people, and the legal qualifications to cash in on this admiration. What more does the young lawyer want today?

Lest we assume that all legal preparation before the days of Bar examinations was a matter of high drinking and swift living, let us consider one of Jackson's contemporaries, then equipping himself for a law career in another part of the country. He was a student at Yale in 1777 when the British swooped down on that institution and wrecked it with a thoroughness of a Harvard wish-fulfillment. He escaped to a near-by village, took to reading Blackstone by way of killing time, and decided to become a lawyer. He articled himself with a Judge in Poughkeepsie and we have his own word for it that he was "the most modest, steady, industrious student that such a place ever saw." While his companions caroused, he says, he made abstracts of Grotious and Puffendorf. He was "free from all dissipation, and chaste as the pure virgin snow . . . never danced, or played cards or sported with a gun or drank anything but water." He fell in love at nineteen, with a fourteen-year-old farmer's daughter. When she was sixteen, they were married and she shared the honors of a long and notable public service. For here is the paradox that is always making life

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bitter for reformers. Between the habits of this priggish law student and those of his hell-roaring contemporary in North Carolina, lies the whole gamut of human virtue, vice and sin as warningly portrayed in the Sunday Schools. But in the end, James Kent became Chancellor of the New York Supreme Court, forerunner of the Columbia Law School and an acknowledged leader of the American Bar in the '20's, and Andrew Jackson became President of the United States. Which leads to the suspicion hateful alike to the moralist and the lazy man, that either the flowery path or the stony road will get you somewhere so long as you do not stop to look at the scenery.

Jackson and Kent were products of early American law in its more cultured aspects, Kent being a college man and Jackson having studied in the offices of sundry Southern Gentlemen, than which urbanity could go no further before the War. Both had to be formally attached to a law office for a period of years, and be certified as to moral character before qualifying for the Bar. Frontier life when the legal profession was getting a start did not offer much in the way of cultural polish, so while the general principle of required attendance at a law office for a number of years was usually enforced, it could not be taken very seriously. By his own account, Abraham Lincoln read no law in any office. When he was still an innkeeper in his middle twenties, he found a volume of Blackstone in the bottom of a barrel left in his inn by an indigent traveler. He began a desultory reading of law by himself and when he judged he could risk doing another man's business without ruining it, he applied for admission to the Bar and was certified forthwith. This is typical of many budding legal careers in the Middle West up to 1840, and in the Far West, much later.

The experiences of many high legal lights before 1850 give us a chance by comparison to glimpse a law student's life as a whole before the law colleges held sway. Up in Colonial New England John Adams casually attached himself to an obscure law office, but earned his living by teaching and odd jobs before he satisfied himself of his own qualifications. Then he went to Boston where he was unknown, but an attorney named Jeremiah Gridley introduced Adams to the Court, explaining that he had never seen him before, but that two or three hours conversation had convinced him of his eligibility. Adams was promptly admitted, whereat Court and Sponsor went out and had a drink on the applicant.

It seemed to be customary to wet down an applicant's petition in this manner. Prentiss Mellen, a famous barrister of the Revolution, read with Shearjashub Bourne at Plymouth. The Judge here was stricter than his brother jurist in Boston, for Mellen had to submit to an oral examination by a committee of lawyers in the

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presence of the Judge. Then he was admitted, and his first official act was to "treat the Judge and the lawyers to half a pail of punch." This treating, he says, was locally known as the "Colt's Tail."

By way of contrast, consider the lively entrance of Joshiah Guild of Nashville into the legal profession about 1806. He walked to Nashville where he was a stranger, in search of the ideal law office with which to associate himself. After two or three attempts in which the ideals of the lawyer and the student did not seem to jibe, Guild was attracted by irate voices issuing from the courthouse. Lawyer E. H. Foster did not see eye to eye with the Court on some fine point of law, and they were correcting each other without stopping for breath or good grammar. As Guild entered, Foster emphasized his point by throwing a law book at the Court. His Honor promptly slid off the bench and was about to become his own answer to Foster's argument when bystanders interfered—although not until pistols were drawn. This was enough for Guild. So impressed was he with Foster's direct use of the written law, and his indifference to the decisive punctuation of pistol shots, that he immediately offered himself as a clerk and was as promptly accepted. He studied a year and a half with Foster, and counting a former clerkship as the equivalent of six month's study, he went to a Judge Haywood's office to apply for a license. The Judge was out on his farm, so hither Guild proceeded and found the Judge, who was said to weigh three hundred and fifty pounds, lying on a bull's hide spread beneath a tree. Without moving from his bull's hide, the Judge put the applicant through a searching examination, while two Negroes hauled the hide along the ground as the sun caused the shadows to shift.

Up in New Hampshire about this time, Daniel Webster decided to give up teaching in favor of the law. He was a Dartmouth man and his brother Ezekiel was still in college at Webster's expense. His problem in high finance was to pay his own college debts, keep Ezekiel in school, raise transportation from Salisbury, New Hampshire, to Boston and save the five hundred dollars entrance fee for being "articled" in a Boston law office out of a New Hampshire school teacher's salary, half of which was paid in "boarding out" the teacher. And Webster did it, which surely should have entitled him to a medal for one of the neatest tricks in legal history. It took many years and many makeshifts. In the end he was saved only by the gift of a horse which permitted him to send his coach fare to Ezekiel and afterward sell the horse for his own board bill. Ezekiel thus being permitted to graduate, Webster brought him also to Boston and put him to work as a salaried law clerk to support them both, while he himself read as a law student.

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All these men were famous lawyers in their day, but they shared the common lot of law students. The only requirement seemed to be a period of formal attachment to an established law office, and some kind of interrogation by a member of the bench, or someone delegated therefrom. Other requirements were personal matters that were settled by the lawyer under whom the candidate studied. New England educational standards were high for lawyers from 1800 onwards, because the lawyers insisted on a university training or its equivalent by their students. In the Middle States these requirements were not so strict. Even in the early days, the commercial aspects of the law were more evident in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania and these aspects were reflected in the duties and qualifications of the law students. In the pompous, aristocratic fringe of the Old South on the seaboard, the dominant requisite was that the candidate must be a Gentleman, suh, with all that word implied to those connoisseurs of Honor. In the Southwest, which was our Far West then, you applied for a license as soon as you thought it was safe, and got it as soon as the Judge agreed with you. These local differences in the requirements of candidates to the Bar, were no results of chance. They reflected the point of view of the people toward the law. In New England the law was a matter of social logic; in the middle states of business; in the south of chivalry; on the pioneer fringe, of what you could get away with.

Our pioneer fathers were suspicious of the law and everything legal. Equity they could understand, but the forms of legal procedure got scant shrift in communities where the Judge himself was apt to be an elected farmer or blacksmith who could barely read.

"Don't you come here, young man, with your new-fangled law," thundered an upper New Hampshire Judge to a young lawyer from Boston who tried to enter a demurrer. "You try your cases as others do, by court and jury."

Chief Justice Livermore of New Hampshire would interrupt a pleading to warn the attorney against quoting laws that might prejudice the cause of justice. He refused to listen to precedents. "Every tub," he declared, "must stand on its own bottom."

Thus it is easy to see why acquaintance with local customs and traditions helped a young lawyer more than knowledge of legal abstractions. Another good reason why the study of law was only part of a lawyer's education in those days was because there was so little law to learn. There were practically no statutes outside a few commonwealths, and no common law at all except that of England, which had to be quoted with great caution in a country that hated everything English. The colonies were governed by charters administered by

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governors sent from England. Most of the Colonial legal disputes were not settled in the courts but in the General Assembly. After the Revolution the status of legal employment for a time was worse, not better. Lawyers had great difficulty not to offend the bench by knowing too much. With English precedents and Common Law barred, and neither statutes nor reports in our own country existing in any quantity, reading law was not a very diverse or onerous occupation in itself. The main study was of legal principles, as expounded by a score of hoary English judicial and moral hairsplitters. Of course there were Blackstone, and Coke's *Comment on Littleton*, for these are immortals of English law; and there were also Lord Bacon and the Bible. But Grotius, Pothier, Puffendorf's *Whole Duty of Man as Abridged by Spavin*, Dalton's *Sheriff and Justice of the Peace*, Wood's *Institute*, *The Pleader's Guide*, Miller's *Civil Law of England*—these books, constantly referred to in the journals of embryo lawyers before 1820—have happily ceased to torment the budding legal mind. After 1820 the period of codification set in. The Code Napoleon with its legal jargon was instituted, and the harassed students had to speak off-hand of retraxits, imparlances, proferts, protestandoes, averments, estoppels, negative pregnants, pleadings double, rejoiners, surrejoiners, rebuttals, surrebuttals, and know what these processes referred to. Most of this information the embryo lawyers had to dig out for themselves, in addition to doing janitor work, serving processes, copying documents, running errands and attending their principals in court.

For the privilege of doing these things the students paid premiums ranging from $200 to $500. The grievance of many of them seemed to be that their principals had no time for legal advice and instruction in return. Once admitted to an office, the neophyte was left to his own resources until he had served his term, whereupon his sponsor certified to this fact and let him face as best he could, whatever ordeal the bench chose to give him.

There were compensations, however. The law students in any community knew each other well, and through the custom of circuit riding, extended their acquaintance over large stretches of country. This was a picturesque phase of legal life that disappeared with the coming of the railroads. The Judges held sessions in a chain of "court towns" all over their jurisdiction. A regular caravan of lawyers, court attendants, and law students followed His Honor from bench to bench, either on horseback or in carriages, changing occasionally as new lawyers added their retinues and others concluded their business for the term. Thus the Bench and the Bar and their subsidiaries became well acquainted in any circuit. Horseshoe pitching in the summer and draw poker in the winter seemed to

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have been major sports on these processionals. The games continued from town to town, and the courthouse yards grew accustomed to the sight of hotly contested horseshoe pitching during the noon recesses, in which the Judge, the sheriff, and counsels for defense and prosecution were the contestants, often continuing their game from the last stop. Plaintiffs, defendants, and even prisoners at the Bar were permitted to join these legal hiatuses if their skill was outstanding.

These trips were the high spots of the law student's life as many of their journals attest. They had opportunities to study legal procedure under working conditions, and they got more from observing the technique of famous old war-horses of the court, than by acquaintance with a hundred *Puffendorfs as Abridged by Spavins*. Oratory occupied fully as important a place as legal knowledge then. Circuit riding gave law students a chance to learn their oratory first hand. Horse racing en route, and some cock fighting and plenty of barroom roistering took the curse off whatever routine these legal circuses required.

Moot court was another diverting method of self instruction. These courts were halfway between a mock trial and a debating society. All the students of a community would meet and argue a synthetic case of their own devising, sometimes with an interested member of the Bar on hand to add his expert weight to their deliberations. It was one of the many contributions that the old catch-as-catch-can system of training young lawyers has given to the modern law school, where the moot court is an accepted method of instruction.

The law schools themselves evolved slowly. In the days when a lawyer frequently had to think fast to smooth down the consequences of knowing too much law to suit the court or the jury, the value of a college education began to stand out; for a flow of classics and ancient history could befog a jury as successfully as a citation from the Common Law, and would impress the Court instead of offending it. So Bar Associations early recognized the value of a college training, particularly in New England where the influence of Harvard and Yale was dominant. The early rules of several offered candidates the chance to substitute two or more years of college for an equivalent period in a law office. After the Revolution, some of the seaboard colleges began adding courses in law, but these were philosophical rather than practical. The first law school in America was formed independently of any other institution of learning. This was formed at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1783, where Judge Tapping Reeve turned his office into a practical three year training course for students—a wide variation from the casual method of reading law between periods of firing the office stove and pitching horseshoes on circuit. The experiment attracted

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wide attention in the legal world. It had its enthusiasts—also its detractors of the "good old days are gone" school. Judge Reeve, however, maintained his school successfully until 1833, by which time Harvard, Yale, Virginia, and some others had established regular law schools of their own.

The appearance of the law schools started an unending Donneybrook in the legal profession, which has been going on grandly and gloriously ever since. The nature of the squabble varies in every state but the fundamental issues are the same. Following the old American custom whenever a particularly awful example is needed, let us outline what happened in New York. Between 1840 and 1850, Columbia, Hamilton, Albany and New York Universities all instituted law schools which would qualify students directly for the Bar. Then these institutions demanded, and received through legislative enactment, the right to certify their students for the Bar without any other examination. The Bar Association protested. The colleges made a test case which the Court of Appeals finally upheld and thereafter the Supreme Court was forced to admit their law graduates without examination, announcing bluntly to the public that it did so "under protest."

But the legislature had omitted to lay down any entrance requirements to the law schools. The four schools took advantage of this to start a cut-throat competition for students that could give points to a 14th Street clothing dealer. They started advertising campaigns, announcing that students would be received without any special educational qualifications for their law schools. Any student who paid the fees and attended the lectures would be admitted to the Bar forthwith. Then they cut attendance requirements so that the three year course in some cases, required only eighteen months actual residence.

This curious collegiate favoritism brought two swift results. In fifteen years, between 1850 and 1865, the legal profession in New York more than doubled its membership, and the supply of legal talent exceeding the demand, it set about a throat-cutting within itself with an effect upon professional standards that the Bar Associations were helpless to control, since the question of admission to the Bar was taken out of their hands. Deterioration went to a greater length in New York than it could have gone in any other part of the Union, since that state is essentially commercial-minded, and it had a powerful business element that welcomed this chance to get cheap legal representatives who raised no foolish questions about ethics. Confronted with the same opportunities, the law schools of Harvard, Yale and Virginia before 1860 had voluntarily relinquished their advantages, established high entrance requirements, and decreed that the law degree exempted no student from examinations. But it was not until the

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late '70's that the efforts of the Bar Associations prevailed enough against New York's leading educational institutions to force a compromise which allowed the colleges to substitute their courses for the time equivalent in office training, but compelled their graduates to take the same examinations as private students.

Since then the fight in practically every state in the Union has centered on raising the entrance standards of the law schools, for the necessity of a university training for the law is no longer considered debatable. Private law students are still admitted to the Bar on examination, but nearly everywhere requirements are such that no student can qualify without a university training. This is not alone because of the requisite ethical standards and cultural breadth, for these made greater demands on the lawyers of Daniel Webster's time than now. But the modern lawyer faces complications of corporate law, interstate law, patent law, and a thousand and fifty new contortions of civil and criminal procedure far beyond the range of Lawyer Andy Jackson's duelling skill, or Lawyer Kent's virgin purity. The Bar examination is the permanent substitute for the moot court and the joy ride on circuit.

But the modern law student hasn't it all his own way. The moot court and the circuit ride left his grandfather with a fair start in his profession. Today's Bar examination leaves the modern student with his time free to wonder how he can get a living.

—Edward M. Barrows

IDIOT'S MOTHER TO HER SON

They say you can't be taught. *They* are the fools, who, pleasure-bent, refuse our common heritage of happiness. It's they who can't be taught, can't break through their shells of prejudice to learn from you.

They call you witless, yet who but you has wit to watch for hours the swaying of a grass-blade in the breeze? Your ears are closed to human words, yet I have seen you smile in silent joy at the unknown lovely sounds of sand-grains falling upon sand-grains, trickling from your fingers to the ground. You throw back your coppery head not ashamed to savor to the full the feel of wind and sun upon your forehead. You glow as with a light at a caress, or some tiny unexpected gift.

In love inarticulate you press your forehead to mine, and from the touch we both gain strength. But I must cut you off from me, pound of my spirit's flesh. How can they know how much you are a part of me, how know the debt I owe you?

Oh, yes, it is quite decided. It is all for the best, of course. You are odious, a nuisance, a menace. You must go. You will be happy—"with your own kind." I will be safe. And they will call me free.

—Sara Wilkins

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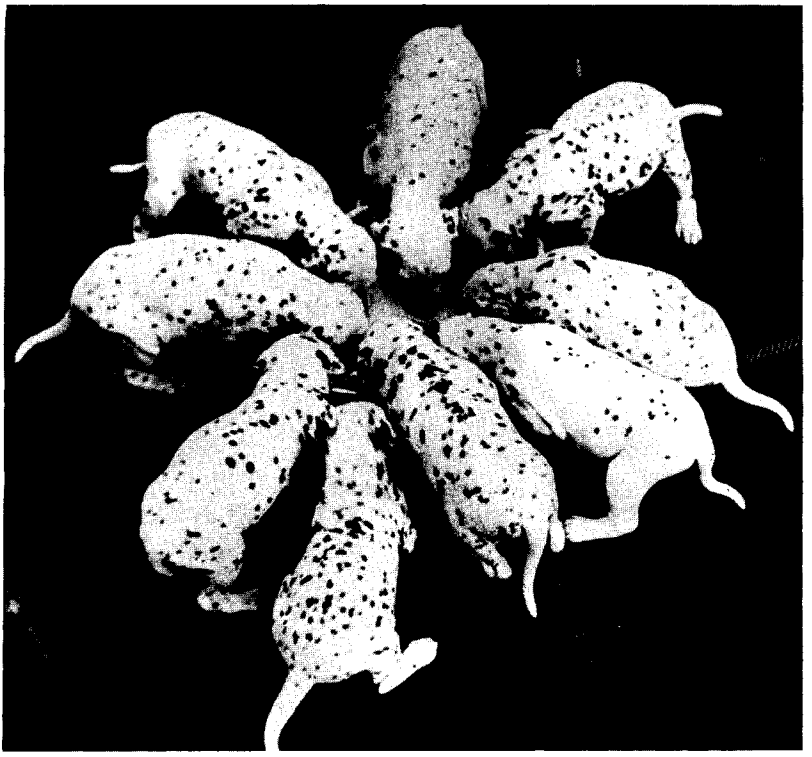

EUROPEAN PHOTO

DALMATIANS, NINE MONTHS OLD

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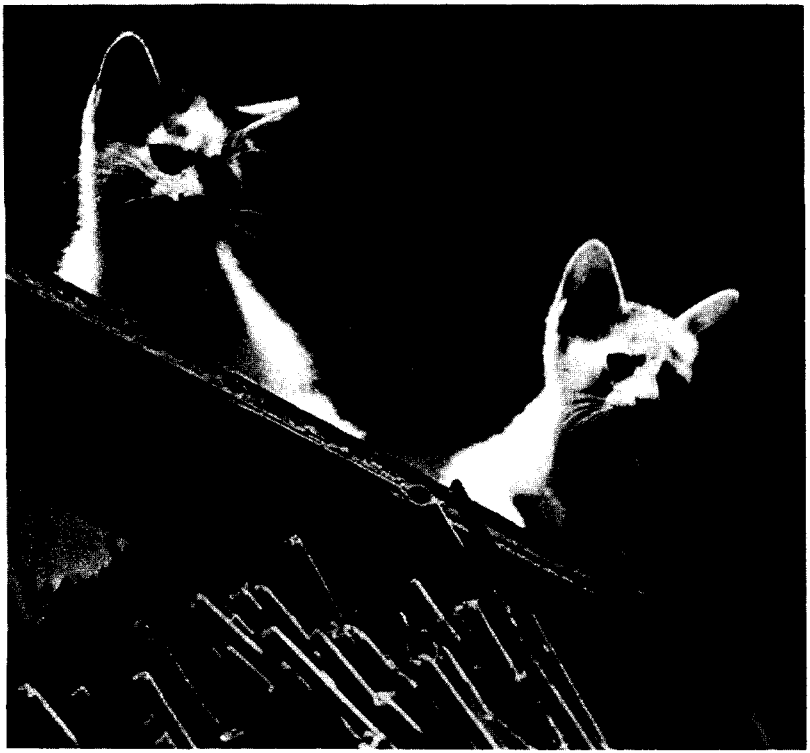

MIHÁLY EKE BUDAPEST

FRIGHTENED KITTENS

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ANDRÉ DIENES PARIS

PEANUTS

CORONET

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CY LA TOUR PHILADELPHIA

HUSKY—20 BELOW

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W. R. MAC ASKILL HALIFAX, N. S., CAN.

SEA GULLS

CORONET

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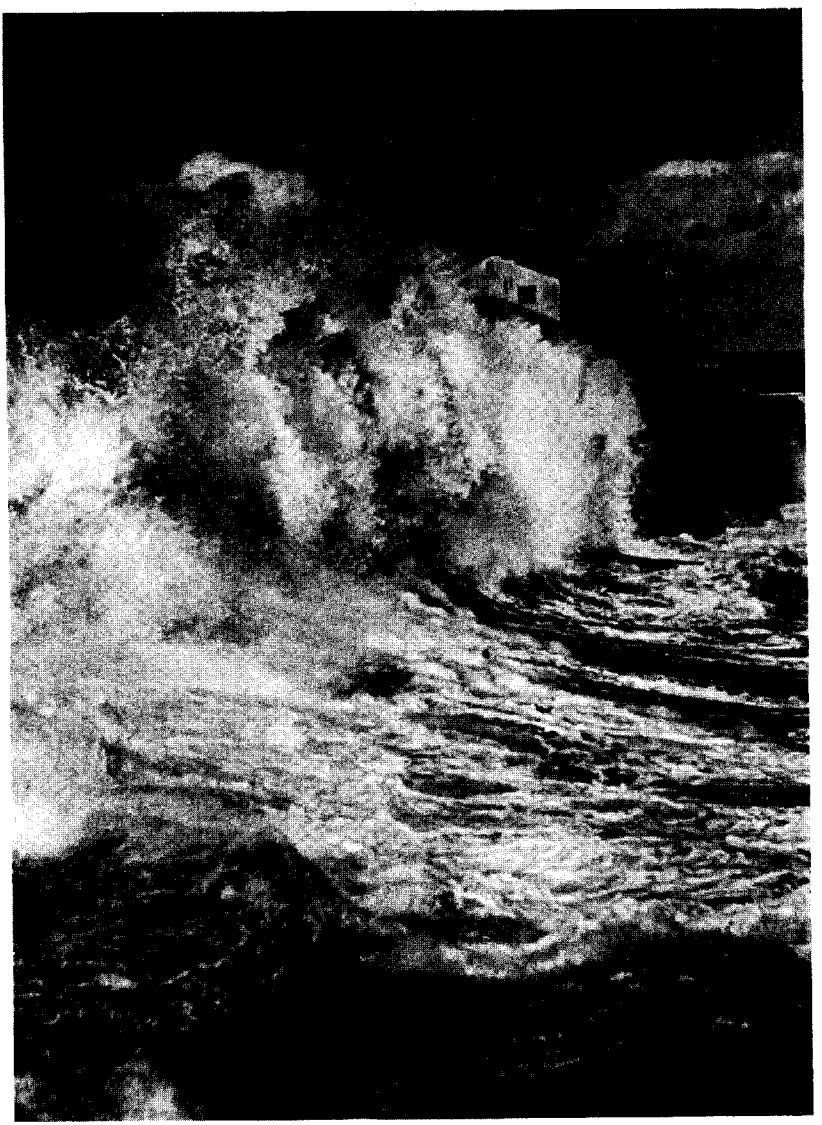

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

MARCH BLOW

MARCH, 1937

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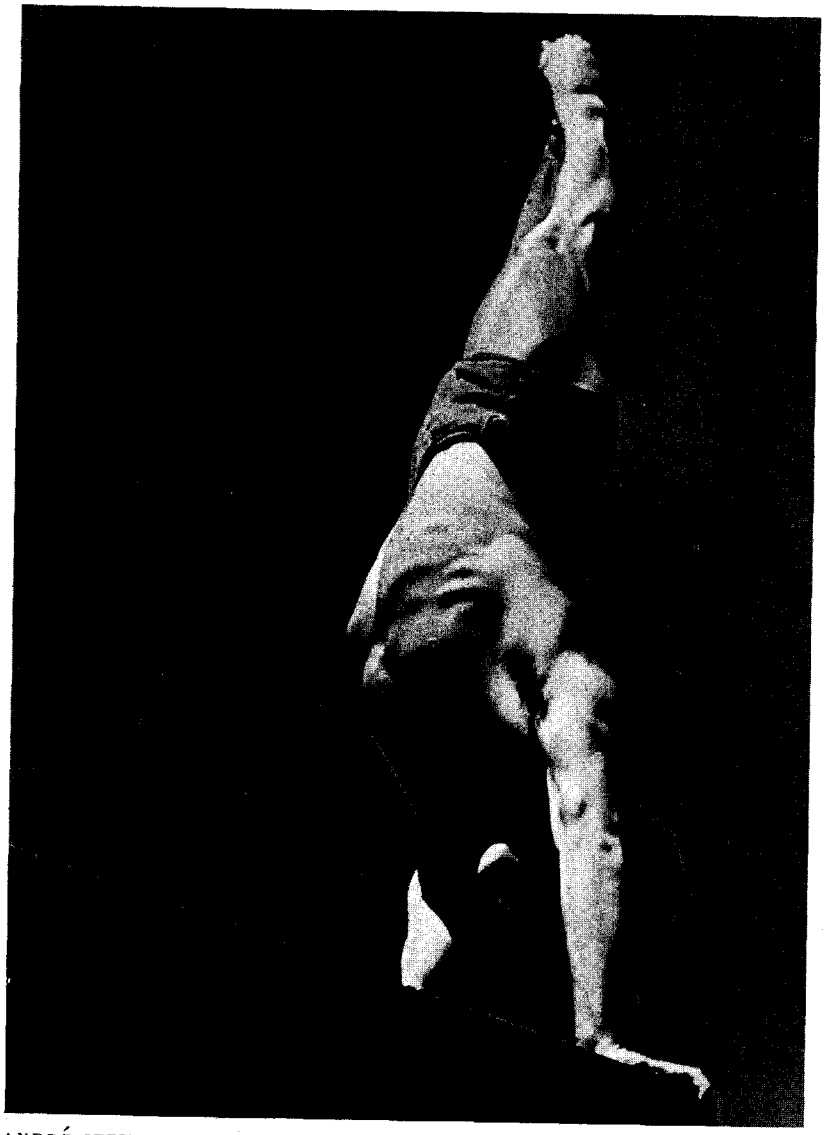

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

THE HANDSTAND

CORONET

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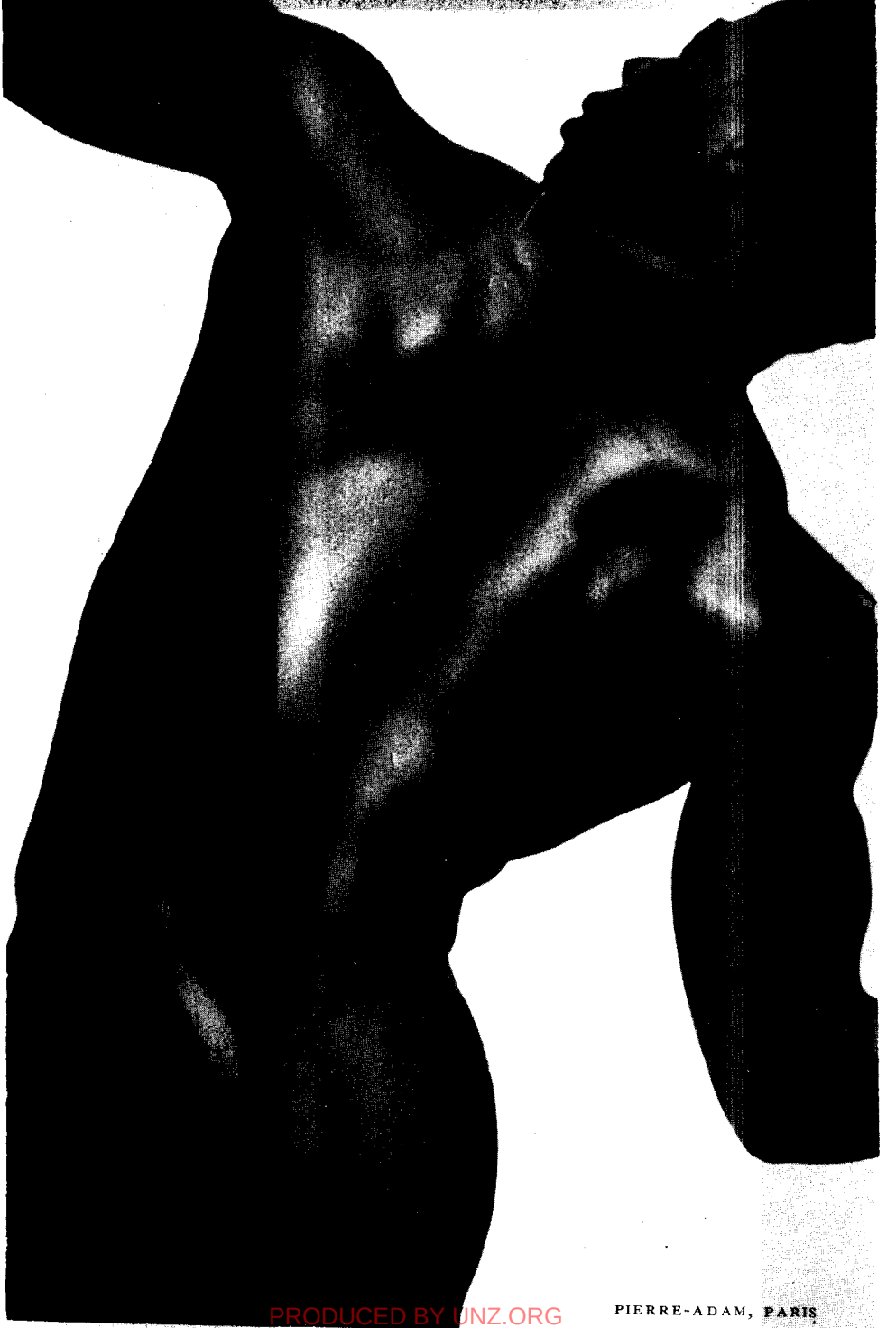

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PIERRE-ADAM, PARIS

CY LA TOUR PHILADELPHIA

TOBOGGAN FLIGHT

CORONET

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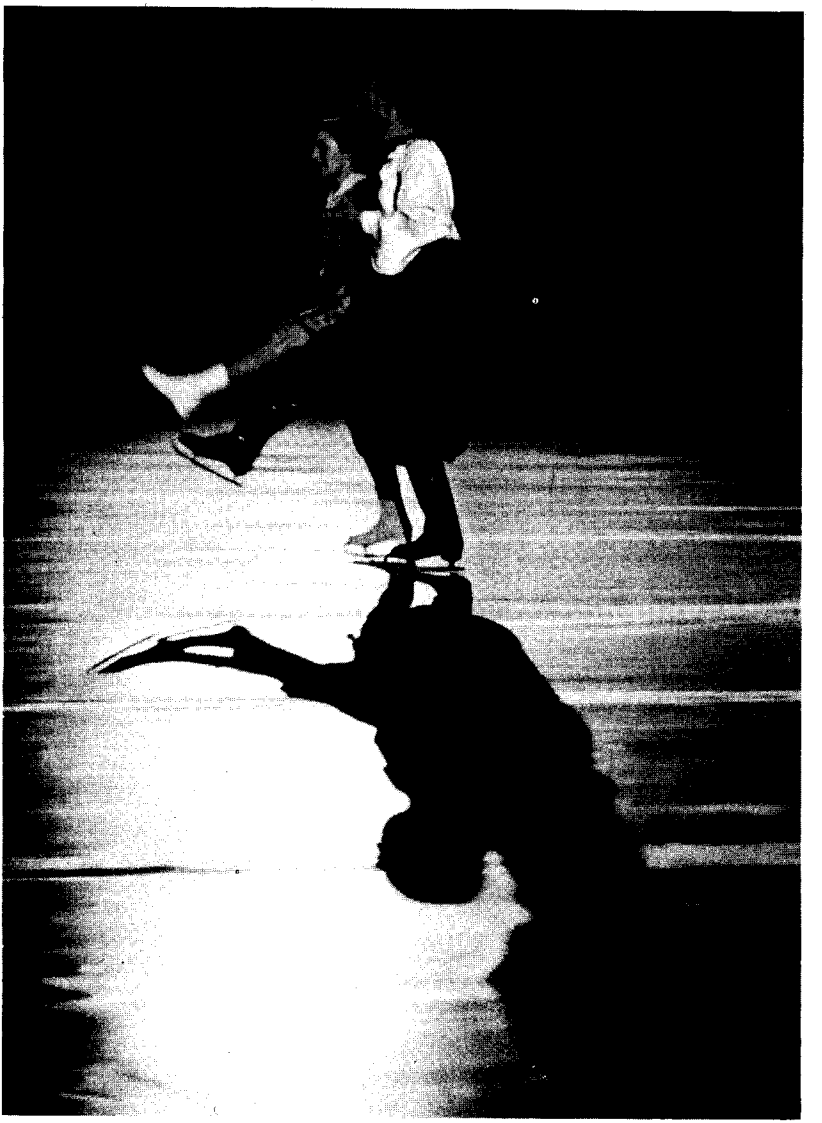

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

ICE DANCE

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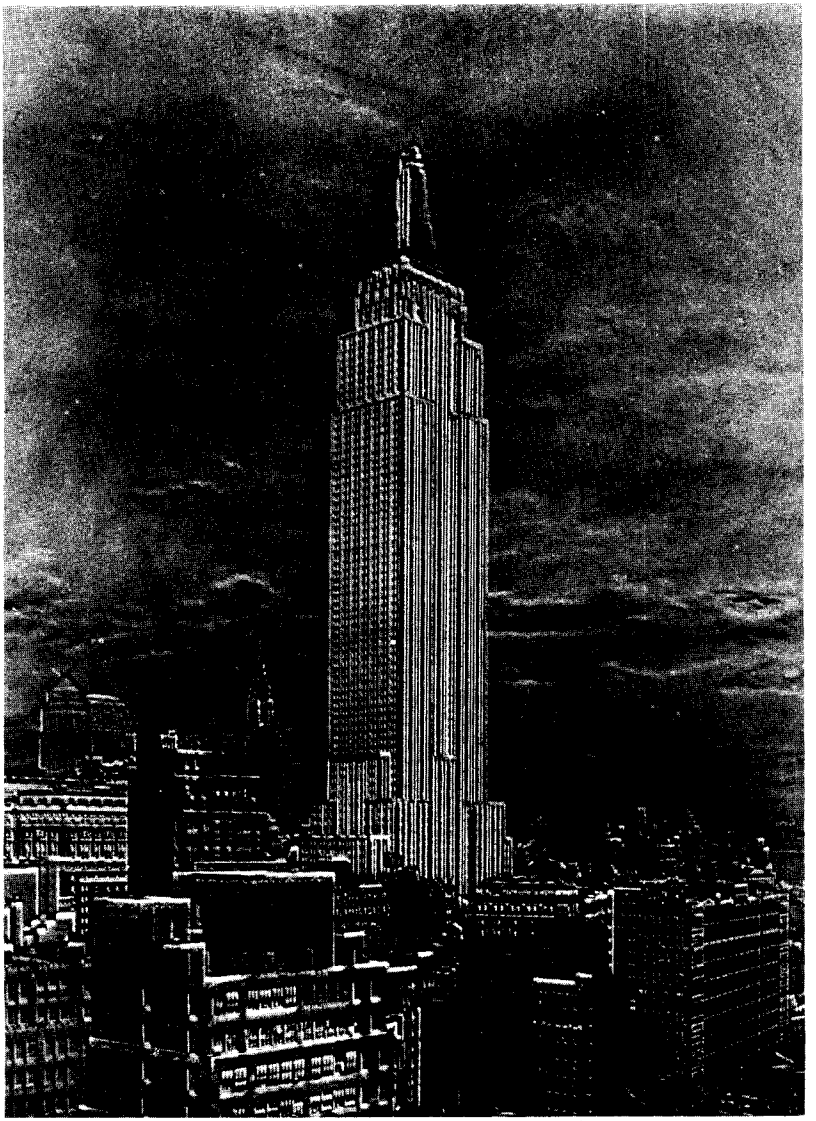

IRVING BROWNING NEW YORK

CAMERA BAS-RELIEF

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WESTELIN CHICAGO

HALVED CABBAGE

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ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

DISTORTED DANCER

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ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

DISTORTED WRESTLER

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THE LAST ESCAPE

THE MAJOR-GENERAL DIED IN BED
BUT THERE WAS NO FUNERAL POMP

JUST as Sage opened the door the figure withdrew from the foot of the bed. He said nothing about it; Sage would not have understood anyway. Yet the strange visitor had reminded him of something in the bottom of his mind. He thought hard, and suddenly it came to him.

"Sage, bring me my epaulettes of sword-knots! Put them on the chair by me!"

Sage looked at the gaunt figure stretched on the bed, at the ghastly, yellowed parchment of the skin drawn taut over the face with the spot of white bone on the bridge of the nose, showing as if it were going to break through. The silvered hair was long and disheveled.

"But sir," he said in his mild voice, "please remember your condition. The doctor said you should have no excitements. Sorry sir, but I am not permitted to . . ."

The man on the bed tried to wave the servant short, but the bony, shriveled hand fell back on the coverlet. He knew he was helpless. With a great effort he turned his face full towards the other; he roused himself to speak with the old voice and eyes of command.

"Sage, bring me my uniform! Then you may go!" He gave a ghost of a smile as the other paused a moment, and then in silence acquiesced.

He was alone now, listening to his own labored breathing. He wanted to be alone. He had a sense that something was going to happen today, and that he was to be the central figure in it. He expected the visitor to return. He had not made out his features, but he knew he had seen him before. It was an uncanny visit.

A little stab of pain ran through him, from his chest through his body to his crippled leg, and jerked taut the limbs that were flexed after a little sleep. At once it passed again, but it was as a signal to him. He knew it would grow with the day. It had come to be an integral part of him; it was like a voice speaking to him. The thought of it brought a sweat to break about his head and neck. He moved on the pillow; it was hard and crumpled. He missed the soft fall of his wife's hands about it.

He would not call her now, no mat-

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ter what the pain. She was sleeping he knew, exhausted from the long watches in the nights beside his bed and from lack of proper food. They were paupers. They owed rent; the doctor was unpaid, the chemist, even old Sage himself. Not a pound, not a penny would any man lend them.

It was almost morning now, and the eerie time when light crept from the shadows and secret corners of the darkness he dreaded, and night stole into day. Through the window came the faint echo of the gray dawning cut off by the tall town houses, and it whispered to him. Every dawn he awaited, for the gracious daylight that crept under his heavy eyelids. It was Summer too, June, but he did not know what day.

He looked at the uniform, buff by gold by blue. Proudly he had worn it, a major-general's. The Chief had complimented him when he got it. It reminded him of the years when he had fought for his country, when his life was loud with battles, when all his days were bound like bright links that glory wove. And other thoughts came over him too, as he remembered the dark butchery of it all, of how evil his own fine men could be when touched with the deathly breath of battle, with the crazed lust of the kill in their eyes; and he had come to know the foulness of the terrible and ancient deed, of the fiendish and futile thing that men called war. The bold, blood-bladed glory of the sword was a cruel and a bitter thing.

But he looked at the uniform, and the sight of it was like strong drink to him. It took his mind from the pain. The buff by blue was now frayed and faded, with such an ineffable pathos about it that in his dried heart he knew for a moment the blessed gift of tears. He put forth his hand to touch it, but there came again the single throb of pain.

The buff by blue! He remembered when he had last worn it. The thought kept coming into his mind. It had haunted him daily through the years, etched on the dark metal of his mind with acid lines of fire. How could the heart of man forget it! That uniform took him out of the little room, away from his pain and wretchedness; it was the one concrete thing he had left of his past in the land of the hilly splendors, it had often consoled him when he thought of that land and grew sick for home and his own stars.

He remembered again the last morning he had worn it, every detail of the day. He was having breakfast at his home with several officers of the staff. They were talking about the war, when suddenly came the loud knocking at the door, and Allen the courier entered, breathless, and snapping swiftly to the salute before him. "Major-General, dispatch from Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson!" He tore the seal. He needed but a glance to tell him what had happened. It told of the capture of "John Anderson," alias of the spy, and the sending of the papers found in his boots to the Chief.

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He crushed the letter in his hand beneath the table; he tried to look composed at the most dramatic moment of his life. "Gentlemen, please excuse me a moment. I have important news."

His voice sounded calm. He looked at Hamilton, the most astute officer there, but saw no sign of alarm. But his wife had seen some flash of a secret anxiety cross his face, and she followed him. Swiftly he broke the news to her. They had caught "John Anderson," to whom he had himself given the papers found in his boots. He had to act quickly. The Chief was coming at any moment himself for a late breakfast; it was court-martial and death if he stayed. He remembered his innocent wife's look of horror at his guilt, as she fainted dead away to fall with her baby to the floor. He called the maid; he took one last look. He did not have time to stop to pick them up. Then to horse and the half-mile ride to the river, where his barge brought him to the warship of the investing fleet. A white handkerchief, and aboard with Colonel Robinson to greet him. Escape! Safe with the enemy, safe from the dreaded court-martial! He had outwitted them.

But so it was that his name was accursed forever, vomited, spewed forth from the mouths of men and lisped in loathing on the lips of children. An execration to all mankind; through their living generations abjured forever.

It would have been better now he knew to have died in battle, for he could then have perished with a free mind, and naught but brief pain and sorrow instead of the slow remorse of the broken, blighted years that followed after. As far as it went he had died that day years back when he fled, and he had come to know that when a man so leaves the land that he should love, where his roots are set by the lasting rock and the living stream, he has yielded over his native dignity, he has lost his heart and his soul, and the true will that stirs noble desire. So orphaned and exiled, he was dead. . . .

Now suddenly he saw again the figure standing at the foot of the bed. So softly had his visitor entered that he had not heard him open the door, nor close it. But there he stood now, a lordly figure of a man with broad brows and quiet eyes full of confidence, hand on saber-hilt and no word spoken. Then in a flash he knew him.

It was the Commander-in-Chief himself who had come, the man who had ever stood steadfast when so many men's courage broke beneath the black wind of war and died.

But others too came in and stood behind the Chief, and they came until the room seemed filled with them. And there was a great silence about them, like the silence in the wake of a great battle when the dirge of guns had ceased or like the silence in the anguished lull of a country's pain. And the room seemed thronged with fate.

And these men he knew also. They

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were his own men—the men he had betrayed, all come now from the hills and grassy billows of his native land. And in his eyes the splendor of the old loyalty shone about them, until they seemed as a single presence to him, for men so bound he knew were as one.

He knew too what they had come for. The court-martial! It was retribution at last. It was the judgment!

"Gentlemen," he said, but his lips gave forth no sound, for he had lost his voice. He wanted first to tell them something. How it was not cowardice, only pride, how he admitted it all now. He had tasted the red wine of renown, and was drunken. His was the sin by which the angels fell. There was atonement even for the lowest criminal; for him there was no redemption. For him would no human voices weep, and bells be dumbed.

He closed his eyes. He could not look now at the Chief standing there, the stern man who knew that not by tears could one save a nation, but only by the bended bow and the spoken truth. And yet he was the man who had wept in public when he heard of the betrayal and who had said: "I had no more suspicion of him than I had of myself. Whom can we trust now?" So he could no longer look at him because he had betrayed the trust of such a man.

His uniform! He would put it on first. He raised himself from the bed. Somehow he was out of it now, on the floor. He reached over. He had one leg in the breeches when the pain suddenly came again and it was like the springing of a beast within him. Wave after wave of it now surged through him and tore with its core of fire through his body, through muscle and sinew, through nerve and vein and artery, into his vital parts, cleaving and shattering his organic structure with deadly effect and wrecking in one searing moment the final unity of his being.

For one concrete, animated instant he rose in his standing, straight to his full height, then pitched out into the room falling with a thud on his face. In his agony he gave forth a loud cry from his choking throat and parching lips, but no sound issued save for a croaky wheeze. He lay there groveling, with a foam about his broken face.

But the fall was heard downstairs. They were turning him over now, and he heard voices crying to him from afar. They were voices that he knew and as out of the very caves of death he opened his eyes and saw Sage bending over him. He tried to rise, but the arms around him bound him as in gyves of steel. He fought them now, trying to break down the wall the hardness of pain had built around him and to throw off the weight of wasted flesh that was heavy about him.

They were crying to him now, "Mr. Arnold, Mr. Arnold!" And his wife's voice, hysterical, "O Benedict, Benedict!"

—T. F. HEALY

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"How about doing a little switching, nurse, and putting my tag on a boy?"

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"It's your move, Missus Finnegan!"

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"Hey, Mom—this stuff in this book I'm not supposed to understand—how much of it is true?"

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"All I hope is that my book is published so you can read it and know what a great soul I got!"

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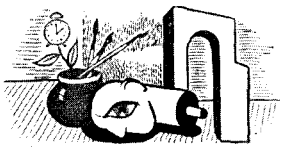
ABOUT O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI

A NOTE ON AN ARTIST WHO IS NOT AS WELL-KNOWN AS HE SHOULD BE



LIKE other young artists of his generation who have gone hungry or been perilously near starvation, O. Louis Guglielmi is a painter of social consciousness. He works in a personal accent of the surrealist method of expression, but unlike Quirt, for example, does not boldly objectify his social point of view. He does not call names in paint. He is young and unknown and almost unexhibited and only recently has he begun to break through the crust of even the art public's ignorance of his work. Compared to him, Paul Meltsner, whose pictures were reproduced in the November issue, is a battle-scarred veteran of many hangings.

Up to the time of the group exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, the New Horizons Show, Guglielmi was simply another young artist who was working on a W.P.A. project. That exhibition brought him out of the shadows, if not out of the valley of economic uncertainty. Since then he has joined the group of youthful potentialities that has been organized by the Downtown Gallery of New York. By the time this sketch is in print he will have shown, by invitation, in the Whitney Museum's Biennial and thereafter in the surrealist exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, in which he made his national debut.

Guglielmi is a painter of almost no biography. Like many another painter, all he desires is to be allowed to paint and to have opportunities for showing his completed work. The annals of the poor are simple. So are Guglielmi's.

He was born in Milan. His father was a musician by profession. The family came to this country when Louis was eight. After going through the New York school system, or part of it, he attended the National Academy, which taught him without binding his style. He made what had to pass for a living as factory hand, store clerk, commercial artist and mural painter's assistant. The rest of his biography is in his pictures.

He is a precise painter who communicates a mood and an attitude. His *Memory of the Charles River* may suggest Peter Blume's *South of Scranton* but Guglielmi subordinates document to paint and message to design.

—H. S.

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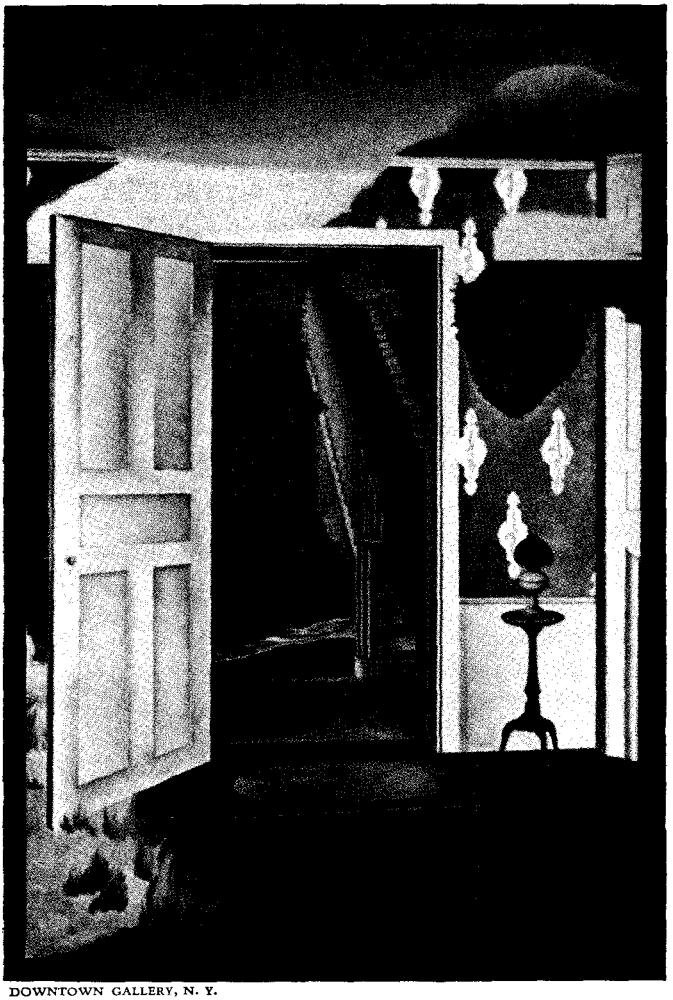

DOWNTOWN GALLERY, N. Y.

GREEN GRASS IN THE DRAWING ROOM

To the conventional this is a surrealist painting. To a surrealist it is conventional. To the critic it is "a personal accent of the surrealist method of expression." By O. Louis Guglielmi, "a precise painter who subordinates document to paint and message to design."

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"Why do we always have to meet secretly—like this?"

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"He started it as a last will and testament but it's developed into a blood and thunder detective story"

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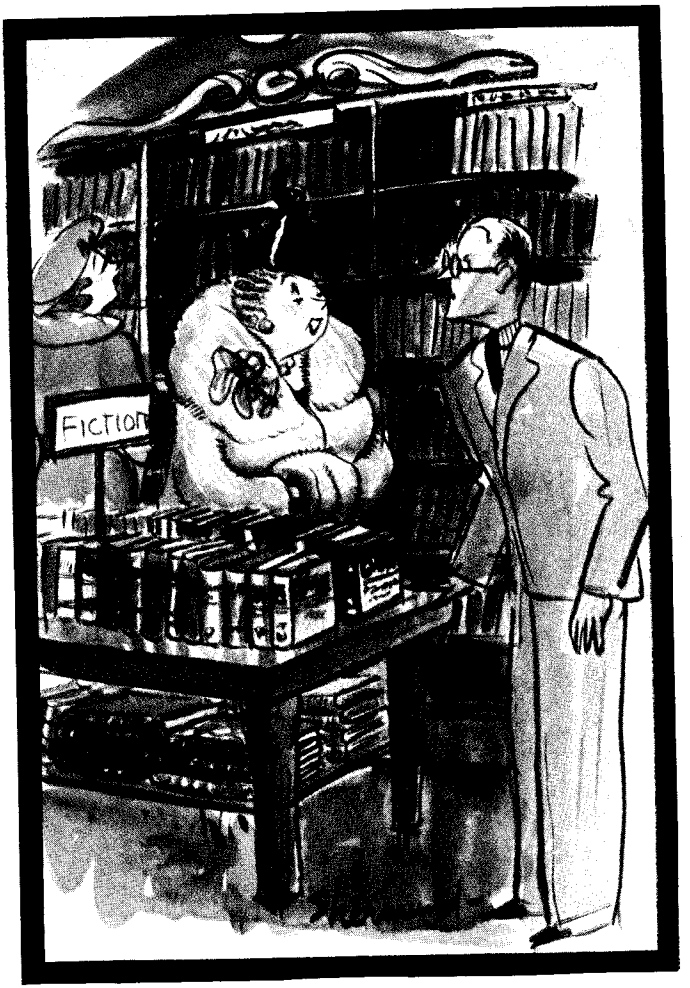

"I want something that will go nicely with green book-ends"

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EUROPE PLAYS HOUSE

ARCHITECTURE IS THE CINDERELLA OF THE ARTS UNDER DICTATORSHIP

It is only recently that the right of man to live in a dwelling of his own choosing has been contested, and at times prohibited. This does not seem quite congruous; it is essentially unfair that the nature of a man's own home should be regulated in any manner by an outsider. But in many countries of present-day Europe the government has seen fit to regulate the form in which houses and buildings, both public and private, should be constructed.

In America, of course, this is not yet the case. Here a man can build a house, live in it to a ripe old age, and have no more serious censure come upon him than his wife's asking why they had to have such a large window in the front bathroom. If an American wants to build a Spanish villa for himself, he can have it, and no one is going to prevent him. If it is his choice to live in an ultra-modern affair made of glass brick, he can. It is difficult to imagine Mr. Roosevelt sending one of his representatives to tell him that the government didn't particularly like his dwelling, and that he would have to change it.

Preposterous as this sounds, it does exist, in a parallel form, in several countries of Europe. There seems to be something about the governmental mind in Europe which makes it function in a very odd manner at times. In more than one European nation there are architects who tremble at the none-too-frequent approach of a client, for fear he may have something in mind to which the government may take exception, and which might result, were his idea executed, in considerable embarrassment for the architect and the builder. There have been times when an architect has been obliged to leave his native soil because of his efforts to satisfy a liberally minded client.

The motives for European governments' imbedding their respective fingers in the architectural pie, when, heaven knows, there are many other matters which might better occupy their attention, are not too clearly defined.

In Italy and Germany, the two one-man countries of Europe, this interference is more than simply interest in the arts. It seems to be the desire of Messrs. Mussolini and Hitler to

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leave an ineradicable stamp upon their respective countries, and one of the very best ways to do this, they believe, is by building edifices in a particular style, and forbidding the construction of buildings in any other style. Then, apparently, years later, if all these great works are not destroyed by a war or two, some tourist will be able to come along and be shown by a proud native that such a building is "typically Hitler" or "early Mussolini." Architecture is a definitely concrete science, and to both these gentlemen it seems to be the ideal medium for leaving dictatorial footprints in the sands of time.

The situation in Germany is in no way helped by the fact that Herr Hitler prides himself on being somewhat of an architect in his own right, having originally been a house painter. This item of personal pride has caused many an architect in Germany more than a little uneasiness. It is not always with a steady hand, for instance, that Herr Mies Van Der Rohe, one of Germany's outstanding and most capable modernists, sips his morning coffee. Mies won the Reichsbank Competition last year, a competition in which most of the architects who were worth their salt in the Fatherland, entered drawings. Mies' conception of the new building in Berlin was that of a modern structure that could be beautifully and economically constructed, and one which would fit in well with the present surroundings. What became of the drawings is a very short tale, but one which is typical of present-day German architecture. Mies won first prize. Then, a committee under Hitler decided that, while they would make use of many of the construction details which Mies had so carefully worked out, they would build the building itself in Greek style, with all of the classic features predominating! The reason for this was simply that Hitler decided, not long ago, that modern architecture was definitely radical, and hence Communistic. The Greeks, on the other hand, he reasoned, were of the same Nordic strain as the Germans, and hence their style was, or at any rate ought to be, closer to the heart of every true German citizen. Ever since that fateful day when his drawings were awarded first prize, it has been impossible for any foreign press correspondent to talk to Mies about anything except the efficiency of wooden matches, the state of beer in Bavaria, or some such topic. The poor, bewildered fellow doesn't know what is going to happen next, but he is not taking any chances. He has taken in his shingle, and it takes an amateur detective to find his office, tucked away on a secluded street, and situated at the top of one of the most disreputable and nondescript buildings in it.

On another street in Berlin, not far from Mies' office, live two brothers by the name of Luckhardt, who used also to pride themselves on being able to do a trick or two with the New

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Architecture. The street, Schormer Allee by name, is almost entirely of their own creation, and it contains some of the most outstanding examples of modern housing to be found in all Germany. The beautiful, flat-roofed structures, with an occasional solarium and glass-bricked wall, are worthy of the hand of an artist. And the Luckhardts are, both of them, artists. They haven't been able to build much of late, however, and the houses on Schormer Allee are badly in need of repair; some of them are only half-finished. But there will be few repairs, and it is doubtful at the present time whether the half-finished structures will ever be completed. The reason for this is again somewhat peculiar.

It appears that, some years back, Herr Hitler and his architectural committee decided, for no reason that the Luckhardts can fathom, that flat roofs were decidedly un-German and contrary to every ideal which the Nazi government has been striving so valiantly to build up. Because one of the essentials of modern architectural design is the horizontal line motif which a pitched roof would certainly destroy, Hitler's decision meant only one thing to the Luckhardts; they would have to stop work. Of course, there was the alternative of going back to the old forms, the Classic and Teutonic, but being progress-minded idealists to some extent, they stopped their work. Their main occupation at the present time consists in building models of houses which they hope one day to construct on a larger scale. They are reduced to the state of two little boys sitting around playing with their building blocks, and waiting for Daddy Führer to change his mind so that they can go outdoors again. They have had two jobs (up until last summer, when I saw them) in as many years. On one of these, they put something over on the Nazi government; they can't go on doing that, to be sure, but the manner in which they did it is somewhat amusing, and shows how small and stupid the whole governmental attitude is.

A client walked into their office one day wanting a modern country house with, of course, a flat roof. To build this and at the same time to satisfy the government was something of a dilemma, but the brothers Luckhardt were itching to get back at their drawing boards, and they sought to find a solution which would please both customer and dictator. Finally, after much head-scratching, they hit upon one.

They designed and built the house with a pitched roof, but incorporated into the design a low wall around the roof, so that, on being viewed from the outside, the house appears flat-roofed, while in reality it has the pitched roof which the government likes so well.

The attitude of the German architect in regard to present governmental interference was expressed by Walter Gropius, who is now safely tucked away in London. If anyone should

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know about modern architecture in Germany it is Gropius, for he started the movement. He is Germany's Le Corbusier, and the modern movement in that country is still known as the "Gropius movement." That, to put it briefly, is why he quietly left the country and has never taken the trouble to return.

I asked the kind professorial old gentleman one day what he was looking forward to in Germany's architectural future.

"It is peculiar, this architecture," he replied. "In Germany they call it Bolshevism; in Russia the modern movement is known as Nazi; only Italy calls it her own, and in that country it prospers. When the rest of the world has taken up the new movement, as it must do sooner or later, Germany will follow."

It is this optimistic belief in the future that is keeping architecture alive in present-day Germany.

However, that country is not alone in being an obstacle to progressive architecture. Other countries, rigid in their belief that the old forms are the good forms no matter how much civilization and ways of living have changed, find the architecture of today a hard pill to swallow. The reasons for not liking (and in most cases not allowing) it may differ, but the result is invariably the same. In France, for example, the development is being held up, not by the government this time, but by an outraged portion of the citizenry.

Of course, France is the home of Le Corbusier, and that gentleman is the father of all this fussing around with low cost housing, glass construction, prefabrication, simplicity of line and air conditioning which we have come to call "modern architecture" or, in some regions, simply "The New Architecture." France is probably proud of her illustrious son too, for that matter, but she will have none of his ideas.

Years from now, when the world has, as it inevitably must, come to Le Corbusier's way of thinking, Frenchmen will strain every ounce of vocal power they possess to argue that they saw him first; now he is only an interesting freak; that is the way the French mind works.

The attitude of his own people may be the reason why M. Le Corbusier has done more talking in the past than he has done building; this attitude was made bruisingly apparent to him at the 1925 Paris Exposition. He had a plan for rebuilding Paris which he and Gropius have been individually trying to apply to thickly settled areas for a number of years. Briefly, it involves the building of skyscrapers to house a great number of people on a small plot of land, and thus, while not reducing the density of population, to provide for space in the form of attractive gardens and recreational yards, space which is now taken up by one and two-story dwellings which should have been razed long ago. The result of this would be a cleaner,

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healthier and better-housed population, but apparently the people of Paris do not want to be cleaner, healthier or better-housed, notwithstanding the opinion of outsiders that there is room for improvement there. For when the Le Corbusier pavilion was built at the Exposition, containing his model of the New Paris, it was built back of the other pavilions, so that it was not only hidden from the general view, but difficult to find as well.

And when the undaunted Le Corbusier submitted a design for the 1937 Paris Exposition, his work was given little attention, and the design refused.

Strangely enough, the man who *is* designing a large portion of the 1937 Paris Exposition is an architect whose ideas are similar to those of Le Corbusier. Eugene Beaudoin, while still a young man, has distinguished himself in the field of progressive architecture.

He is one of the few modernists to hold the title of *Architecte En Chef Du Gouvernment*, a singular honor reserved by the government for its most capable architects. That Beaudoin is a firm believer in the theory that man should be able to live in a house of his own choosing is concretely illustrated by the fact that he lives in a houseboat on the Seine, with his wife and two healthy children, a boy and a girl who play on deck naked most of the time. Beaudoin is a firm believer in the slum-clearance idea, and thinks, along with Walter Gropius and Le Corbusier, that it should be effected by the building of skyscrapers in the slum districts.

He has, moreover, gone these two gentlemen one better; he has designed and had built, in cold gray stone, a project to clear the slums in Drancy, a suburb of Paris.

Now Drancy is one of the most nondescript, filthy and generally ramshackle suburbs which can be found anywhere; in comparison with it, the Lower East Side of New York is a good, clean place to live. The city itself consists mainly of dirty, tawdry buildings and rude wooden huts where the factory workers who comprise the town's citizenry attempt to keep themselves from the rain and cold. Sanitation facilities, in the few remote places where they exist, are poor. So far as M. Beaudoin's slum-clearance project was concerned, this place was virgin ground to break.

His idea was to tear down the old buildings, and to house their present inhabitants in a clean, sturdy and somewhat beautiful apartment building, where their expenses of living would not be increased, while their situation in life would be vastly improved. With this end in view, he designed a magnificently practical structure to be built on the highest hill in the town, so as to insure a sufficiency of light and fresh air. The building is four stories high, with four towers of fifteen stories. The structure contains

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several three and four room apartments, each with all of the conveniences which the genius of architects and engineers has been able to provide. There are elevators, a central heating plant, and an incinerator plant for the central disposal of garbage is located a short distance from the dwellings. Each apartment has its own bath (a revolutionary thing in Drancy) and a *séchoir*, or drying-room, where clothes can be dried without having to hang them outside, and thus destroy the neat appearance of the apartments. From each kitchen there is a vacuumatic duct which conducts all garbage to the incinerator. There are stores on the premises and collonaded walks and gardens and recreation fields. Large glass windows let in fresh air and sunlight. The group is a startling contrast to its surroundings, a monument to humanitarianism. The rent for the apartments averages about $3.00 a week, which is almost unbelievably low for up-to-date apartments with all improvements. The group is indeed a city in itself, a kind of Utopia made of prefabricated concrete slabs and of steel, and has not been ill-named, *Cité de la Muette*.

There is only one difficulty to be overcome before the clearance of Drancy will become an accomplished fact. No one wants to live in M. Beaudoin's building. It was nearing completion last summer, and already the architects were wondering what they were going to do with it. There was some talk of making it into an army barracks.

The reason for the attitude of the people of Drancy soon became known. I asked the proprietor of a tobacco shop what he thought of the building, and if he were looking forward to living there. He looked at me for a moment, wiped his nose on his sleeve, and replied:

"But no, monsieur. It is too high, too much like New York. I don't want to live there."

And so it will become evident that architecture in France and Germany is encountering opposition of more than one kind. While the examples are not quite so graphic, conditions are the same in others parts of Europe.

Russia, for instance, has been doing a good bit of talking about the "New Architecture," but when the Palace of the Soviets came to be built recently in Moscow, it was finally constructed in the same wedding-cake style which characterizes so many of Russia's public buildings.

In Stockholm, Sweden, there was much controversy between the modernists and the architects of the old regime as to how the new Town Hall would be built. The debate waged hot and furiously, and the result, surprisingly enough, was an edifice which pleasantly combined the traditional Swedish and the modern, a most agreeable compromise. But Sweden is a comparatively reasonable country.

There are, it must be said, a few

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remote European countries which, after having passed through periods similar to those which France, Germany and Russia are now undergoing, are making a little progress. Holland, under the guidance of Oud, is making strides in the right direction, and in Amsterdam the graceful lines of the new buildings standing beside the old are concrete testimony of the advances being made in that country. Denmark, Switzerland, Turkey and Palestine all seem to be awakening from the architectural twilight sleep, but so little has taken form that their respective destinations are still purely conjectural.

All in all, modern architecture in Europe remains something of a speculative myth. The political and dictatorial suppression of the movement in some countries, and the stubborn refusal of the citizenry to recognize it in others, both seem to be dictating the thesis that the architecture of one age is good enough for the next, even if the latter age happens to have ideas of its own about its architecture, and even if its cities and towns are literal ash-heaps cluttered with the unsightly relics of antiquity.

In an age where Progress is continually the watchword of civilization, this reasoning is definitely out of place.

America's largest industry, for instance, the manufacture of motor cars, strives with each new model to offer some definite improvement in mechanics and design over the previous model. The result of this is that there are cars representing many years and types of design on the highways. The same, of course, is true of the highways of Europe, and there are no laws compelling one to drive no car more recent than 1920, for example. One can do pretty much as he pleases. This is also true in other fields. When the movies began to talk, there was no agitation compelling them to be silent. New cures for diseases are hailed as advancements. A gun that will strike a city one hundred miles distant is, in modern armament manufacture, definitely superior to a gun that is limited to fifty miles. Only in architecture the old models are considered best, the voice of the present movement is silenced, a cure for the ash-heap disease is prohibited, and the range of the past is deemed far enough.

Architecture in Europe is the horror of the times. The cries of the modernists, vigorously attempting to give to their own age its own rightful form of expression, are ignored. The present era is in grave danger of having nothing to show for itself, and of having nothing to offer but the inglorious fact that it spent its time living a somewhat vicarious existence amid the glories of its ancestors. Stagnation has become a symbol, and worst of all, this symbol has come to be legally enforced! Europe is indeed, and in a fashion that is childish beyond all reasonable comprehension, playing house!

—William M. Nelson

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SOME LIFE NOW FREE. *Life Can Be Bought*, which appeared in CORONET's first issue, was received at press time, when it was discovered that the reserved space would not accommodate its full text as written by Paul de Kruif. Accordingly, it had to be "whittled" to fit. It is feared that this cutting may have conveyed the intention to censure Chicago's Board of Health. Since nothing was farther from Dr. de Kruif's mind, he asks us to publish this sentence from one of the cut portions of his original script: ". . . . it is not the fault of the City Health Department which itself has not the money to issue free rabies vaccine instantly, automatically, to all who are the least endangered—as undeniably able, good-hearted Dr. Herman Bundesen would like to do." He also asks us to point out that Dr. Bundesen has always fought to cut the bonds of red tape in every way possible in the conduct of the Board of Health for the saving of human lives, and has long fought that Illinois statute which put the distribution of rabies vaccine under the control of the overseer of the poor. However, all's well that ends well, and we are happy to report that Dr. Bundesen's desires have been realized, as the antirabic vaccine, since the publication of *Life Can Be Bought*, has been put on the list of free biologics and is now dispensed by the Cook County Bureau of Public Welfare *without question*, other than the name and age of the person bitten and the parent's name and home address.

CORONET is prepared to give special subscription rates for 25 or more subscriptions to all study groups, such as classes in schools, women's clubs, or similar organizations. Secretaries or other authorized members of such groups may obtain full information upon request.

* * *

THE battle rages over our proposed $1 price for salon-size prints of the photographs in CORONET's pages. Readers have suggested rates ranging from $3 to $15 per print. Such de luxe presentations as would necessitate this latter price were far from our original thought of providing large (11x14) prints suitable for framing. We still think $1 is fair and hope soon to complete the royalty arrangements whereby we can supply the prints at that price. Meanwhile, of those enthusiasts who have already ordered prints of many of the photographs in the January and February issues, in some instances enclosing money and in others leaving the matter of price open, we ask indulgence.

* * *

WE are at a loss to explain CORONET's bewildering rise in a mere three months to a newsstand sale larger than that of all the other thirty-five cent magazines put together. Is it the photographs? Is it the art reproductions? Is it the articles? Be assured, once we find out what it is, you'll have more of it. What is it?

* * *

The new issue of CORONET appears on the 25th of each month.

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for

MARCH

1937

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ARNOLD GINGRICH

EDITOR

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